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No. 724.—VOL. XXVIII.

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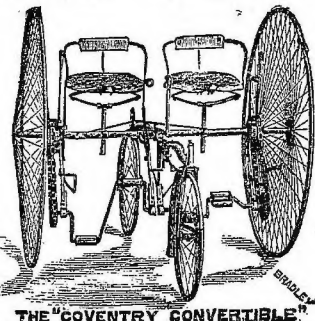
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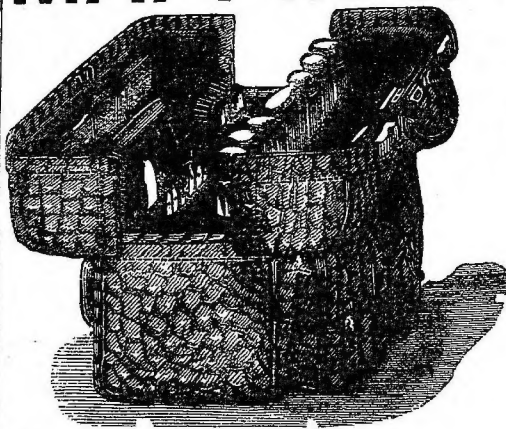
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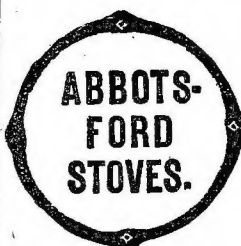
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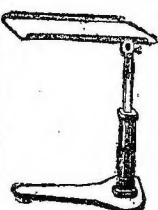
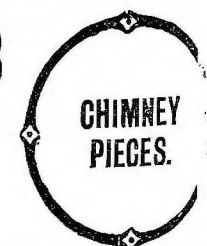
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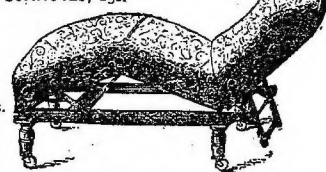
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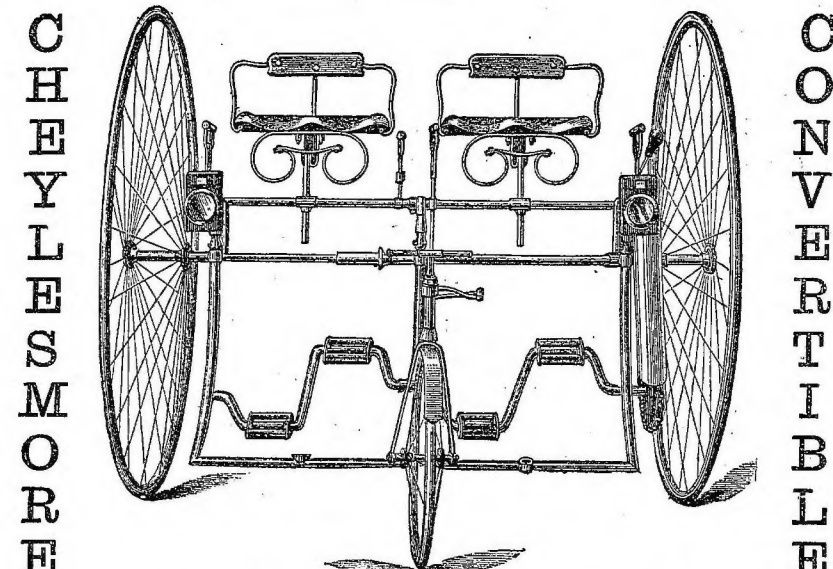
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 724.—VOL. XXVIII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny] PRICE SIXPENCE



FRANCE AND SPAIN—THE RECEPTION OF KING ALFONSO AT THE ROYAL PALACE, PLAZA DEL ORIENTE, MADRID, ON HIS RETURN FROM PARIS



Monsieur Convert Madame Boillot ("Sergeant")

Miss Catherine Booth

"Captain" Becquet

Mr. Herbert Booth

Mons. Monnier

"Colonel" Clibborn

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(Advocates for the Salvationists)

THE SALVATION ARMY IN SWITZERLAND: THE TRIAL OF MISS BOOTH AND HER ASSOCIATES AT BOUDRY, NEUCHÂTEL

Topics of the Week

IRISH REPRESENTATION.—Statistics, it is well known, may be made to prove anything. Sir Stafford Northcote has shown, no doubt to the satisfaction of himself and his Belfast hearers, that the Irish Home Rule members are sent to Parliament by a smaller number of voters than either the Liberal or Conservative members. The inference from this statement is, as the *Times* triumphantly puts it, that "the National party has not the shadow of right to the name." But now comes Mr. Sexton, with a statistical survey of his own, and he proves that Sir Stafford's figures are utterly misleading, and that the Home Rulers do really represent the majority of the people of Ireland. It may be pleasant to believe, or affect to believe, that the mass of the Irish people are loyal to, and contented with, the British connection, and that it is merely a restless minority which is misled by a set of professional agitators; but can this view be maintained seriously? The fact may be regrettable, but nevertheless it is the fact that Mr. Sexton is in this discussion nearer the truth than Sir Stafford Northcote. Not many years ago the Irish Liberal members formed a respectable phalanx; the Home Rulers, or Nationalists—for the terms are practically convertible—were few in number. Whereas now the Liberals, whenever a chance occurs, are replaced by Home Rulers, who have even effected a lodgment in Ulster, although Ulster is not truly Irish, but rather an Anglo-Scoto colony in Ireland. When the next general election occurs, there is every reason to believe that Connaught, Leinster, and Munster will send more Nationalists than they have sent to the present Parliament, and that the new recruits will be of the most uncompromising Parnellite type. These are the facts which our statesmen have to face, and it is childish to try to evade them by inventing an imaginary condition of things. There can scarcely be the shadow of a doubt that if a plebiscite were taken next week in Ireland, the majority (except in Ulster) would vote for the severance of the Imperial connection. The logical conclusion is, that either this connection should be severed, and the Irish allowed to manage (or mismanage) their own affairs; or that, as in a Crown colony, the Irish representatives should be mere nominees. That which is logical is, however, not always either wise or expedient, therefore we do not recommend either of these extremes. Nevertheless, the present half-and-half system, with its state of siege in Ireland and its unrestrained free speech in Westminster, is full of difficulties, and if Sir Stafford Northcote can, as a patriotic Englishman, and irrespective of partisan aspirations, show his countrymen a way out of these difficulties, he will do more good than he has done by conjuring up an army of non-existent Irish loyalists.

CONSERVATISM IN SCOTLAND.—During the last week or two Mr. Gibson has been trying hard to do in Scotland what Sir Stafford Northcote has been doing in Ulster. He is too sensible a man, however, to suppose that his labours have been very successful. It is easy to say, as Mr. Gibson has said with much fervour, that the principles of Conservatism are in accordance with the most essential tendencies of the Scottish character; but most Scotchmen do not think so, and their opinion on the subject can hardly be the result of mere impulse. If the political questions now before the country were really fundamental, there can be little doubt that Conservatism would have some chance on the northern side of the Tweed. The Scotch are too prudent a people to wish to depart widely and suddenly from the lines of political progress on which the nation has hitherto advanced. But nobody seriously proposes at present that anything of this kind should be done. The immediate object of the Liberal party is to extend the suffrage to agricultural labourers, to effect some necessary changes in the land laws, and to develop the principle of local self-government. What is there so very alarming in these schemes? They are in no respect inconsistent with the theory of the Constitution, and, from the Liberal point of view, they are necessary for the healthy growth of our institutions. Scotland will certainly not transfer her allegiance to Lord Salisbury because of such moderate measures; she is more likely to urge Mr. Gladstone to act with increased vigour in the fulfilment of his pledges. If Mr. Gibson and his friends ever make way in Scotland, they will do so, not by indulging in alarmist predictions, but by manifesting some sympathy with progressive legislation. Of this, since Lord Beaconsfield's death, they have given no sign.

BANK FRAUDS.—The large defalcations at the River Plate Bank have set people asking once more whether Bank Directors have a right to consider that they hold sinecures? A few years ago one T'Kindt, a clerk in the Banque de Belgique, embezzled 920,000*l.*, and it was elicited at his trial that his depredations had extended over three or four years. A Belgian Senator sat on the Board of Directors, and he had been deputed many times to audit T'Kindt's accounts, but he had found it simpler to trust to that gentleman, and the result was that he got sentenced to a year's imprisonment for his good nature. It ought to be a rule in all establishments that officials having charge of money should not be trusted, but should be so controlled that they cannot steal. The weak would thus be protected against themselves, while the

honest would have the comfort of knowing that they could not by any possibility be suspected of dishonesty. For the worst of the trustful system is that when things go wrong in a bank suspicions are apt to fall upon the wrong man, and they often fall in such a manner that the wrongly suspected person cannot exculpate himself. To place implicit reliance on a servant simply because he has acted uprightly for a long time is to ignore a fact which ought to be sufficiently well known by this time, that the daily rubbing of temptations against a man's principles often wears these away. A judge, on hearing it remarked that opportunity makes the thief, answered smartly that it was opportunity and the thief together which makes a theft; but be this as it may, it rests with those who are nominally responsible for money entrusted to them to prevent the opportunity and the thief from meeting. Depositors and borrowers do not commit their securities to a clerk or cashier whose name is unknown to them, but to Directors whose names have figured on prospectuses, and who seem to offer guarantees for good management. This is a point which Directors too frequently overlook.

CYPRUS.—It is curious how topics come to the front, and then recede to the background, their intrinsic importance remaining meanwhile quite unaltered. At the time of the annexation of Cyprus, and for a long while after, as much in amount was written about the island in any single daily newspaper as the whole literature of the ancient world put together. The reason was that Cyprus had got into party politics, and Mr. Gladstone, with his adherents, did all they could to discredit the acquisition. But when the Liberals came into power, they accepted the situation, they did not propose to hand Cyprus back to the Sultan; and, as a consequence, so little has for a long time been heard of the island, that it is positively refreshing to see a paragraph headed with a name which at one time the general reader had got to regard as ominous of boredom. We do not, and never did, thoroughly approve of the annexation of Cyprus; on the Continent it spoils any reputation for disinterestedness which we might have obtained during the progress of the Russo-Turkish War. But at the same time, should we become involved in war, not a little war, but a war with such a country as France, it is probable that Cyprus would be a most valuable link in our chain of Mediterranean strongholds, especially if our Government should decide to withdraw from Egypt. And although it is generally alleged that the English do not know how to make themselves popular with subject races, it may be safely asserted that the Cypriotes have no desire to exchange our rule for that of the Turks. Already a number of salutary reforms have been effected, and to some of these reforms we respectfully call the attention of His Majesty Abdul Hamid, as they refer to matters in which Turkish administration is wont to be very defective. The Courts are presided over by impartial judges; the prisons are cleansed and organised; the police, being regularly paid, no longer prey on the inhabitants they are supposed to protect; and the taxes are collected by regular and responsible officials. Is it impossible to introduce such simple and unobjectionable reforms as these throughout the Turkish Empire generally? The Sultan would become a far more powerful ruler than he now is, because he would rule over a contented people; and—a fact which may make a still stronger impression on some of his *entourage*—he would soon find a great increase in his revenues.

MR. SHAW AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—The French Government is in no hurry to satisfy English opinion by compensating Mr. Shaw for his ill-usage, yet nobody out of France has ever had any doubt as to its duty in the matter. M. John Lemoine, whose articles are generally well worth reading, jeers at Mr. Shaw's claims, and informs him that far worse hardships than his are incurred daily by Roman Catholic missionaries in the ordinary course of their labours. Perhaps; but if a French Roman Catholic missionary had been treated by an English Admiral as Mr. Shaw was treated by Admiral Pierre, would M. Lemoine have talked quite so philosophically? The chances rather are that he would have spoken to us pretty plainly about our bigoted hatred of Catholicism, our arrogance, our perfidy, and our "egoism." It must be admitted that missionaries are apt to be troublesome when military operations threaten to interfere with their work; but, by the confession of the French themselves, there was not even a shadow of excuse for the series of stupid outrages sanctioned by Admiral Pierre. Mr. Shaw suffered severely, not because he had done anything deserving of blame, but because an irritable officer happened to have a jealous dislike of England—a dislike which he displayed in so many ways that, if Captain Johnstone, of the *Dryad*, had not been a man of exceptional prudence and self-control, England and France might have been dragged into a very serious quarrel. The French Government would do itself no discredit, as it seems to fear, by repudiating proceedings of which it must be assumed to disapprove. On the contrary, all the world would have thought more highly of it if it had hastened, as soon as it heard of Admiral Pierre's extremely foolish conduct, to make such amends as the circumstances of the case permitted.

EXAM. FEVER.—It is well that the attention of the Social Science Congress should have been turned to the mischief that comes from overworking the brains of boys.

The evil has been growing, and will grow, until competitive examinations are conducted in a more rational manner than they are at present. We lately saw an examination paper which had been set to the pupils of Woolwich Academy, and which contained questions on Constitutional History that would have puzzled a Cabinet Minister. Why a Sub-Lieutenant of Engineers or Artillery, aged nineteen, should be expected to study the influences of the Septennial Act on the fortunes of the Whig party is not easy to understand, unless, on the same principle, a candidate for Holy Orders should be expected to know something about the trajectory of chilled shot. Lord Strathnairn once said that he could tell by a young man's manner of ordering his breakfast in a coffee-room whether he was likely to make a good officer; and Lord Palmerston declared that the best way of getting a supply of efficient attachés for the Foreign Office would be to leave the selection to ladies. Without indulging such fancies one may ask that competitive examinations should be directed to ascertaining whether a candidate has a general fitness for the position which he seeks, and not to finding out how much ill-digested knowledge he can cram into his head. The brain is an organ more delicate than the stomach, and yet the same men who preach temperance and abstemiousness to boys for their health's sake, will unhesitatingly urge them to the wildest course of cerebral gluttony. Cases have been cited in which pupil teachers, after working all day in schools, have had to pass their evenings in reading for examinations, and many of them doubtless take no Sunday rest. These unnatural calls upon brain and nerves lead to Exam. Fever—that is, a form of brain fever with a complication of neurosis—a most difficult complaint to treat, and one which may become chronic if the patient cannot get perfect rest. There may have been abuses in the old system of patronage-nomination for the paid appointments in the public service, but if this system led to the occasional selection of dunces, has it been much improved upon by the new system which, by way of testing the brains of candidates, overworks them till they break down?

THE "AUSTRAL" JUDGMENT.—The careful and exhaustive investigation of the remarkable disaster which befel this fine vessel in Sydney Harbour is full of instruction for every one who has any part either in the ownership or in the navigation of a vessel. The sinking of the *Austral*, which fortunately caused the loss of only five lives, was due, says Mr. Commissioner Rothery, to "a series of small mistakes." The owners ought to have told the captain that, under certain circumstances, the *Austral* was liable to top-heaviness; while, if the captain and the chief officer had, during the operation of coaling, shown the vigilance which they ought to have shown, one or other of them would have discovered the "list" which caused the water to enter the ports, and which sent the *Austral* to the bottom of the harbour. Coupled with the capsizing of the *Daphne* while she was being launched, such an accident may make the public apprehensive that in the construction of our modern vessels everything else is sacrificed for swiftness' sake. It is to be trusted that such is not the case, although there is a very natural temptation to build "Greyhounds of the Atlantic," whose speed not only pleases passengers, but economises that costly item of modern navigation—coal. As it is, we have to run some risks at sea from which our forefathers were free. Iron, in case of shipwreck, is less to be trusted than wood, and we are in greater danger from fire and collision. Let our shipowners therefore beware of adding to passengers' anxieties by constructing vessels with such "metacentric heights" that, at the least provocation, they topple over.

EGYPTIAN CLAIMS ON ENGLAND.—Some time ago, in an excellent letter to the *Times*, Sir P. B. Maxwell urged that England ought to do something more for the Egyptians than offer them good advice, and maintain troops in their country at their expense. His counsels have not received much attention; but it becomes increasingly obvious that, if we intend to benefit Egypt permanently, we must decide to work in the direction he has indicated. It is right, of course, to try the experiment of representative institutions; and there is good reason to hope that in the end, with English support, a Parliamentary system will work fairly well even in a country which has hitherto been accustomed only to absolute rule. But Egypt has far more urgent wants than those that can be immediately supplied by a Legislative Council and a General Assembly. Her Courts of Justice, for instance, are for the most part utterly powerless; and, until this defect is remedied, it is foolish to expect the faintest symptoms of a revival of national prosperity. Again, the material welfare of the Egyptian people depends more largely than that of most other nations upon the efficiency of their public works, and this part of the administrative system is thoroughly disorganised. The fellahs, moreover, are crushed to the earth by a load of debt; and as long as their present burdens rest on them, they cannot possibly effect any real improvement in their position. Now, for all these evils there is but one remedy, and that is an adequate supply of money. The necessary funds cannot be raised in Egypt, for the sufficient reason that they do not exist there. The nation is so impoverished that to ask it to do more for itself than it has already done, and is now doing, would be mere mockery. In these circumstances, why should not England, as Sir P. B. Maxwell proposes, help the Egyptians in the only way that can be of genuine service to them? We

fought Arabi not for their sakes, but for our own; and we are morally bound to do what we can to deliver them from difficulties for which we are in part responsible. By-and-by we shall profit largely by our shares in the Suez Canal; and it would be no great stretch of generosity to make Egypt a sharer in our good fortune. We may be sure that she would be infinitely more grateful to us for direct aid of this kind than for any advantage we have yet promised to confer upon her.

IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES.—The *Daily News* has opened its columns to some interesting letters on the subject of clerks' marriages; and it is pleasant to note that most of the correspondents have written in a manly tone about their trials as husbands and fathers. There is the young man who complains that, being married, he can no longer live as he used to do when a bachelor; but there is the better young man who finds that, by self-denial and care, he has got on very well, and is all the happier for having induced a brave-hearted girl to cast in her lot with him. After all, the question must resolve itself into the very old, yet plain, one as to whether Edwin and Angelina really love each other. A good wife is not an encumbrance to a man, but a saving and a blessing; and children cost less, upon an honest reckoning, than cigars, liquorings over bar counters, billiards, and the backing of this or that jockey's mounts. But, if Edwin and Angelina are not really fond of each other, they will naturally find it disagreeable to practise self-denial for one another's sakes; and again there will be trouble if Edwin, though loving Angelina, has an idea that he ought to begin life at the point where his father left off, and treat himself and his wife to luxuries which he has not had the time or perhaps the diligence to earn. An improvident marriage is not one in which a man takes a wife before he has money to keep her in the circumstances to which she was accustomed at home; for no unselfish girl—and all loving girls become unselfish—expects, as a rule, to go to such a home as that which she left. An improvident marriage is one in which both parties have not sensibly considered whether they are really eager to join hands for life, and willing to endure poverty together. The little shifts of penury can be borne gaily enough by a young couple sure that patience and work will bring them better times; but no doubt Edwin is a much-to-be-pitied fellow if he whines that Angelina expects more expenditure of him than he can afford. For this means that Angelina and he had better have kept apart; and it suggests a fear that they may part some day after having discovered, too late, that their marriage was not made in Heaven.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE WORKING CLASSES.—In his thoughtful and eloquent address at the opening of the annual meeting of the Congregational Union, Dr. Fairbairn spoke of the growing alienation of the working classes from Christianity; and no one who has given the slightest attention to the subject will suppose that his warnings were exaggerated. Never, perhaps, has there been so much mental activity among the working classes as there is now. They manifest the keenest interest in every important political movement, and their own interests they discuss frankly, earnestly, and intelligently. But to the questions with which Churches concern themselves they are becoming more and more indifferent. They do not actively oppose either the Established Church or the Nonconformist communities; they simply hold aloof from ecclesiastical organisations, and devote themselves exclusively to the promotion of what is called their secular welfare. The Churches may bewail this state of things, but, after all, are they not themselves in the main responsible for it? In what way have they really tried to gain the confidence and goodwill of the working classes? They minister lavishly to the religious needs of well-off people, and they are uniformly kind to "the poor;" but with the working classes, properly so-called, who are neither poor nor well-off, they come seldom into contact. Such men as Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesley, and Mr. John Morley associate themselves with Trade Unions, make the acquaintance of their leaders, and talk with them freely about the social and political problems which awaken their enthusiasm. Christian ministers, on the contrary, regard matters of this kind as beyond their province, and so they are in their turn neglected. If they wish to recover the ground they have lost they must take a lesson from the Positivists, and prove to working men that their doctrines are not merely abstract propositions, but have a vital relation to the practical difficulties of our own day.

TEA AND TEETOTAL.—The Dean of Bangor's protest against excess in tea-drinking will remind those who know Russia of the *samovar* which is in request almost all the day long, but produces no visibly bad effect on Muscovite nerves. The Turks, moreover, drink a surprising quantity of coffee and thrive, though perhaps some might deny that they thrive, and would attribute their degeneracy as a people to coffee and tobacco combined. This, however, would prove, to the refutation of teetotallers, that a nation can come to grief through weaker stimulants than alcohol. We remember reading the story of a gentleman who drank green tea till he fancied himself pursued by a black monkey, but we have never met with a living instance of a man being thus afflicted with the symptoms of *delirium tremens* through intemperance with his teapot. If tea be drunk until it causes excitement, there must, no doubt, be reaction in

some form, and if that form be irritability, temperance advocates will do well to remember that an irritable teetotaler is not likely to make converts. At the same time the Dean of Bangor brews his words a little strong when he says that excessive tea-drinking "creates a generation of nervous discontented people, who are for ever complaining of the existing order of the universe, scolding their neighbours, and sighing after the impossible." It happens that the Chinese, who are the greatest tea-drinkers on earth, are also the most conservative and routine-ridden of mankind. The Celestials would long ago have been given over to Nihilism if Souchong and Bohea inspired discontent with the existing order of the universe.

RAILWAY TICKETS.—"T. S. B." asks very pertinently in the *Times*, "Why do not all railway companies print the price on every ticket?" Why not, indeed? This seems one of the most simple, obvious, and inexpensive of reforms. In those countries of the Continent where this wholesome custom prevails, it enables the foreigner, who is frequently not too ready a reckoner of strange coinages, to ascertain whether the booking-clerk, who is not always immaculate, has given him correct change or not. The curious thing is that some of our railway companies print the amount of the fare on the tickets, others do not. The North London and the Metropolitan do so, at any rate on some of their tickets, but, as far as we are aware, the custom does not prevail on our other local lines. Yet it is especially in London that the benefit would be most felt. Those prolonged colloquies between passengers (chiefly, but not always, elderly ladies) and the man at the window, which are so delightful to the *queue* of impatient persons waiting for their turn, would be certainly shortened, as the clerk would be able to say, "Look at your ticket." These troublesome members of the softer sex might be trusted to seek information from their tickets, but such is their state of nervousness and trepidation that it is doubtful whether they ever see the table of fares. Even to non-nervous passengers this table is not always easily visible. Therefore we say, in every case, let the fare be printed on the face of the ticket.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, XI," from the Picture by Carolus Duran, exhibited in the Graphic Gallery.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S ENTRY INTO MADRID

KING ALFONSO met with a most enthusiastic reception on his return to his capital on the 2nd inst. Justly indignant at the insults which had been showered upon their Sovereign by the Paris mob, the Madrileños determined to make a counter demonstration, and to testify their sympathy with the King by an enthusiastic display of loyalty. Thus on the morning of his arrival all the streets leading from the Railway Station to the Palace were blocked by an enormous crowd, which, however, was completely orderly, and in no way needed the supervision of soldiers or police. At the station the King was welcomed by the Queen, the Ministers, and the Deputies and Senators, while outside his appearance was hailed with a tremendous burst of cheers. The King and Queen drove to the Palace without an escort, and, although the distance is barely half a mile, the drive thither took nearly an hour. The enthusiastic people, not content with frantically cheering the King, surrounded the carriage and hung on every available part of it. Nor was the demonstration confined to the humbler classes, for the balconies were crowded with members of the aristocracy, the ladies wearing the traditional white mantilla, with white flowers, and ribbons of national colours, red and yellow. The enthusiasm reached its height in the Square before the Palace, where thousands of people had congregated, raising cheer after cheer, and rendering the progress of the Royal carriage almost impossible. Arrived at the Palace, King Alphonso showed himself on the balcony, and subsequently held a reception, to which all classes were admitted without exception, and which was attended by thirty thousand persons.

THE SALVATIONIST TRIAL IN SWITZERLAND

FOR some months past there has been a constant warfare between Miss Booth, who commands the detachment of the Salvation Army in Switzerland, and the Swiss authorities. Despite Cantonal decrees prohibiting Salvationist meetings, and disregarding constant arrests and expulsion from Swiss territory, Miss Catherine Booth has continued her work with untiring pertinacity. Finally, the Geneva authorities, losing patience, arrested her, together with "Captain" Becquet and four other prominent Salvationists, at a meeting which they were holding in a forest on the Jura mountains, and brought them to trial on a criminal charge—namely, that of contravening an article of the Penal Code relating to the holding of illegal meetings. The trial began at Baudry, on Saturday, September 30th. The chief question was whether the Cantonal decree which had prohibited Salvationist gatherings was in itself legal, or whether it was not in opposition to the clause in the Constitution which guarantees the fullest religious liberty and right of meeting. The Procureur-General prosecuted, and the prisoners were defended by MM. Monnier and Dupasquier. Councillor Koenig watched the case on behalf of the British Government, while Mr. Adams, the British Minister to Switzerland, was in court, together with "Colonel" Clibborn and a number of prominent Salvationists. The prisoners in answer to the interrogations of the Judge frankly owned that they had obeyed their consciences rather than the Decree, Miss Booth stating:—"It is true we have prayed and spoken in the name of Jesus notwithstanding the decree of the Council of State. We esteemed the Federal and Cantonal Constitution which guaranteed religious liberty to be above any decree formed in violation of those Constitutions. The Council of State by its decree created, and the Grand Council established, a state of things in which it was absolutely impossible for us to obey God without disobeying these Councils. Our reply is that of the Early Christians before the Council of Jerusalem:—'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.' " "Captain" Becquet and two other

prisoners, M. Robert Couvert and Madame Boillot, a "Sergeant" in the "Army," at whose houses meetings had been held, also addressed the Court, and M. Monnier then made an eloquent speech for the defence, insisting that the decree was a violation of the Constitution; that the Salvationists were entitled to the fullest liberty granted to other religious associations, and that the right of the British "officers" were guaranteed by Treaty. Finally, the jury unanimously pronounced the prisoners "not guilty," and Miss Booth and her companion were released.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN ULSTER

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S visit to Ulster has been a species of triumphal progress, proving to demonstration what some had begun to question, that "loyal Ulster" is as loyal as ever to the Union, and that Ulster loyalty is essentially Conservative. The opening of the new Constitutional Club at Belfast, depicted in our illustration, was followed on Thursday by a dinner in the Ulster Hall, at which the Duke of Abercorn took the chair; by a visit to Carrickfergus on the Friday, after receiving two deputations (one of which was from the fair advocates of women's suffrage) at Belvoir Park, the seat of Sir Thomas Bateson, M.P.; and on Saturday by the grandest demonstration of all, the assembling in the Botanical Gardens of 30,000 Conservatives of all classes to hear a speech from their distinguished visitor. The week's campaign, though conducted on the whole with admirable order, did not, however, pass without some regrettable incidents, the signal for which, we fear, was given by some unruly spirits in an Orange torchlight procession on the 5th, when the windows of the *Belfast Morning News* were broken, and stones were showered on the convent at Ballynaheigh, where the Superior, Madame la Chantal, was lying at the point of death. A stone was hurled from an embankment at the railway carriage which was conveying Sir Stafford and the Duke of Abercorn from the Botanical Gardens to the ducal residence at Baron's Court, missing the gentlemen, but seriously injuring Lady Crichton, who fainted away from pain and fright; and in the evening, notwithstanding the presence of a strong force of police, the Orange procession was waylaid by some hundreds of stalwart Roman Catholics, armed with sticks and stones—not altogether to the advantage of the assailants, for the Orangemen, calling on the police to let them clear the way, proceeded to do so most effectively, striking right and left with their long halberds, and prostrating many of their enemies with severe scalp wounds. From Baron's Court Sir Stafford proceeded on Tuesday morning to Downhill (where he will be the guest of Sir Henry Bruce), receiving and acknowledging *en route* addresses from Omagh, Newtown-stewart, Strabane, and last, though by no means least, from Derry; and on Wednesday came another reception at Coleraine. His temperate, though far from ineffective, speeches, have chiefly turned on the importance of preparing for the great battle of the next General Election.

PROPOSED RAILWAY NEAR BALMORAL

THIS engraving, which is from a photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., of Aberdeen, represents a landscape which is interesting both on account of its beauty of the scenery, and also because certain enterprising spirits have planned that a railway should pass through it. It is understood that Her Majesty the Queen is strongly opposed to the scheme, unless the railway can be sunk in a deep cutting, so as to be entirely out of sight. Loch-nagar, a mountain 3,774 feet above the sea, and rarely free from snow, is the great object of attraction at Ballater. The whole walking distance is about thirteen miles, and the ascent is made by Glen Muick, the linn and loch of the same name being visited on the way. At the linn, the water in a considerable body hurls itself over a precipice into a black-looking pool. Loch Muick is a sombre sheet of water encircled by precipices. A part of Lord Byron's early life was spent in this neighbourhood; and most people will recall his spirited lines, the first stanza of which ends, "I sigh for the valley of dark Loch Na Garr."

A CURATE'S HOLIDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE modern curate seems to be a more athletic personage than his predecessors of the last generation. Thirty years ago even croquet was uninvited, and now, by the side of lawn tennis, croquet has sunk into oblivion. There was not so much cricket as there is now. Canoeing as an amusement was practically unknown, and all the other athletic sports which are now so much in vogue were either unheeded, or were thought to be inconsistent with the sacred calling of a clergyman. Now, thanks to the wholesome teachings of Charles Kingsley and others, Muscularity and Christianity, so far from being antagonistic, are found to be thoroughly harmonious. Long may they so continue! At the same time, we are free to admit that the particular passage here depicted of a curate's holidays would scarcely be regarded as of an edifying character by the young ladies who worked slippers for him in former days. It seems rather cruel of him to have spent a day in chasing and massacring this poor inoffensive old goat. But in matters of sport our feelings are apt to be regulated by conventional rules. If the "quarry" had been a genuine Swiss chamois, no doubt we should have thought his conduct irreproachable.

LIFE ON BOARD AN INDIAN TROOPSHIP

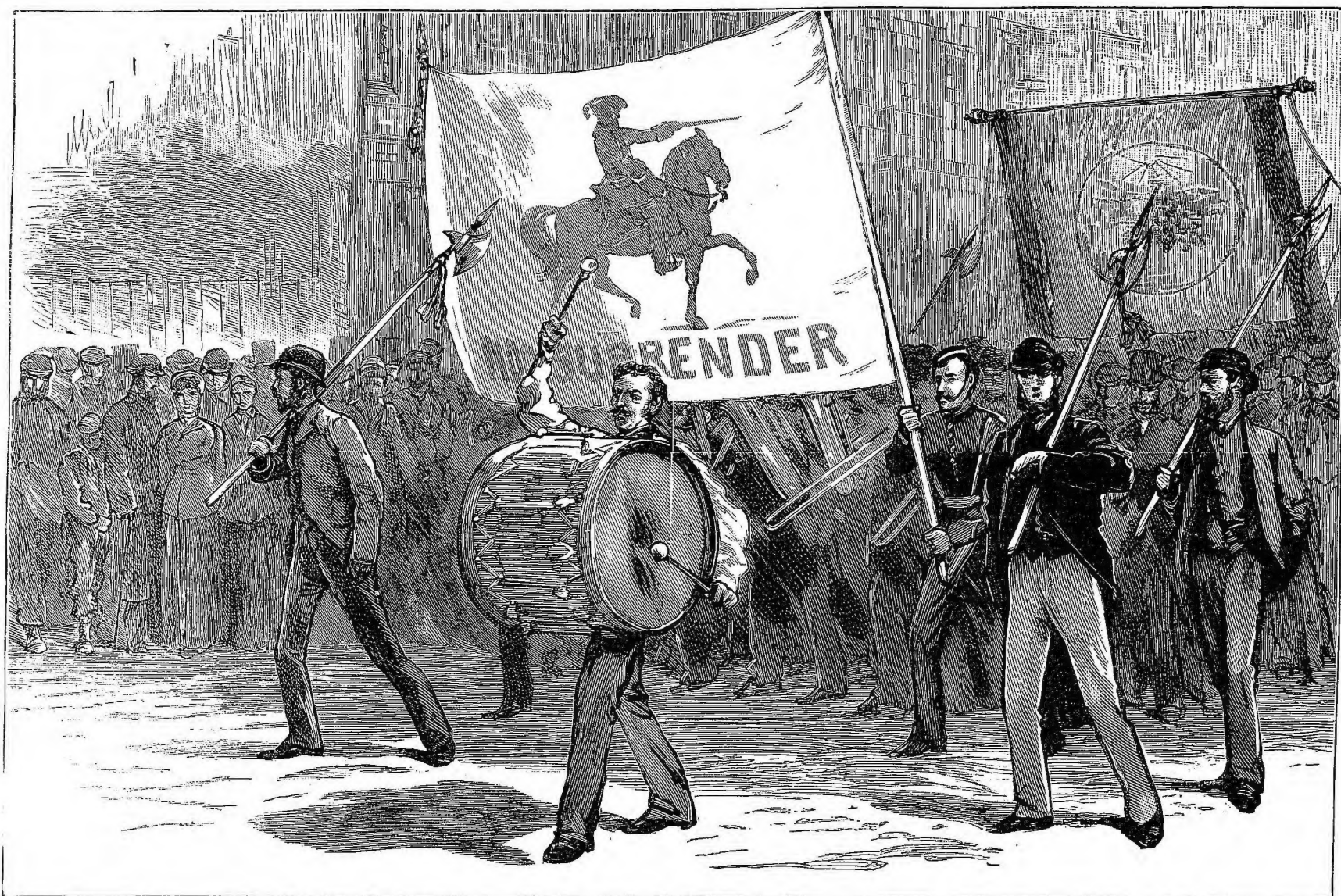
THE accompanying sketches are intended to convey some idea of a voyage in one of Her Majesty's Indian troopships. The "Bath" scene requires some explanation. On the main deck there are two bath-rooms—one reserved for field officers only, the other, on the opposite side of the ship, for other officers, whose cabins are on that deck. In a crowded ship one either has to be up very early, or else to wait one's turn for a bath with a long string of other candidates. Thus there are always two rows of men waiting—one composed of field officers, the other of the smaller fry. A Major has just left the bath. Lieutenant-General Blunderbore, C.B., K.C.S.I., whose turn has come, gathers up his towels and sponge, and rises with some difficulty, when there is a rush from the other side of the ship, where the junior officers are sitting shivering, and young Dashmore, a subaltern with about two years' service, has seized the opportunity, carried the position, and locked himself in! Tableau! General opinion of field officers: "The service is going to the devil!"—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. E. W. F. Martin, Lieutenant First Goorkhas.

TOWING A GRAIN ELEVATOR

IN these days, when the import of grain into thickly-peopled countries is effected on a scale which would have astonished our forefathers, the corn is no longer carried in sacks, but poured bodily, like so much liquid, into the spacious hold of the vessel. To do this conveniently, it is necessary that the grain should first be raised to a height, hence the invention of elevators, which are common objects in grain collecting centres, such as Chicago. The elevator was probably suggested by the coal-staith, which has been long used for supplying ships with cargoes of the "black diamonds" which are dug from the mines of Durham and Northumberland. The elevator may be applied not only for loading but for discharging grain cargoes, and the interest of our engraving (which is from sketch by Mr. Edwin Stepney, ship carpenter) lies in the fact that this elevator is the first one which has ever crossed the seas. As she has to work alongside vessels in harbours and rivers, she is built as a ship; she is called the *International*, and she was towed from London to Antwerp by Mr. Watkins' steamers *Hibernia* and *Titan*.



THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE AND ORANGE MEETING IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS, BELFAST, OCTOBER 6

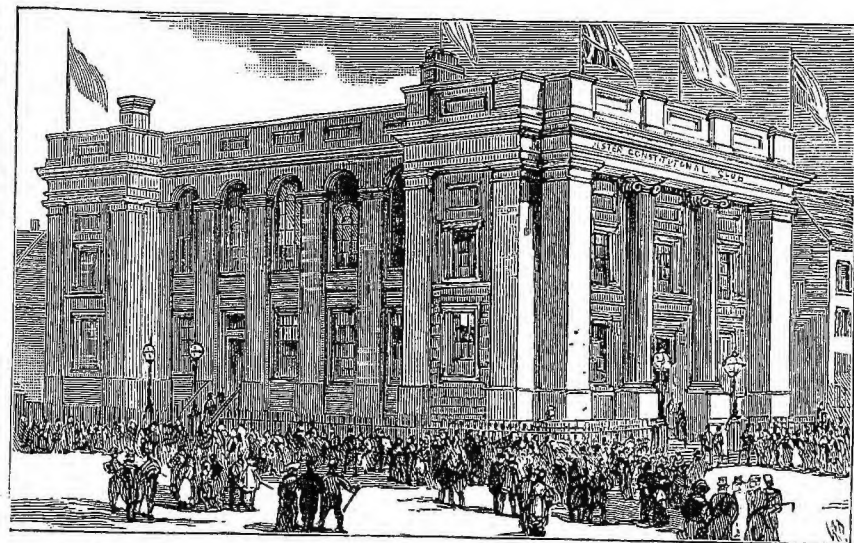
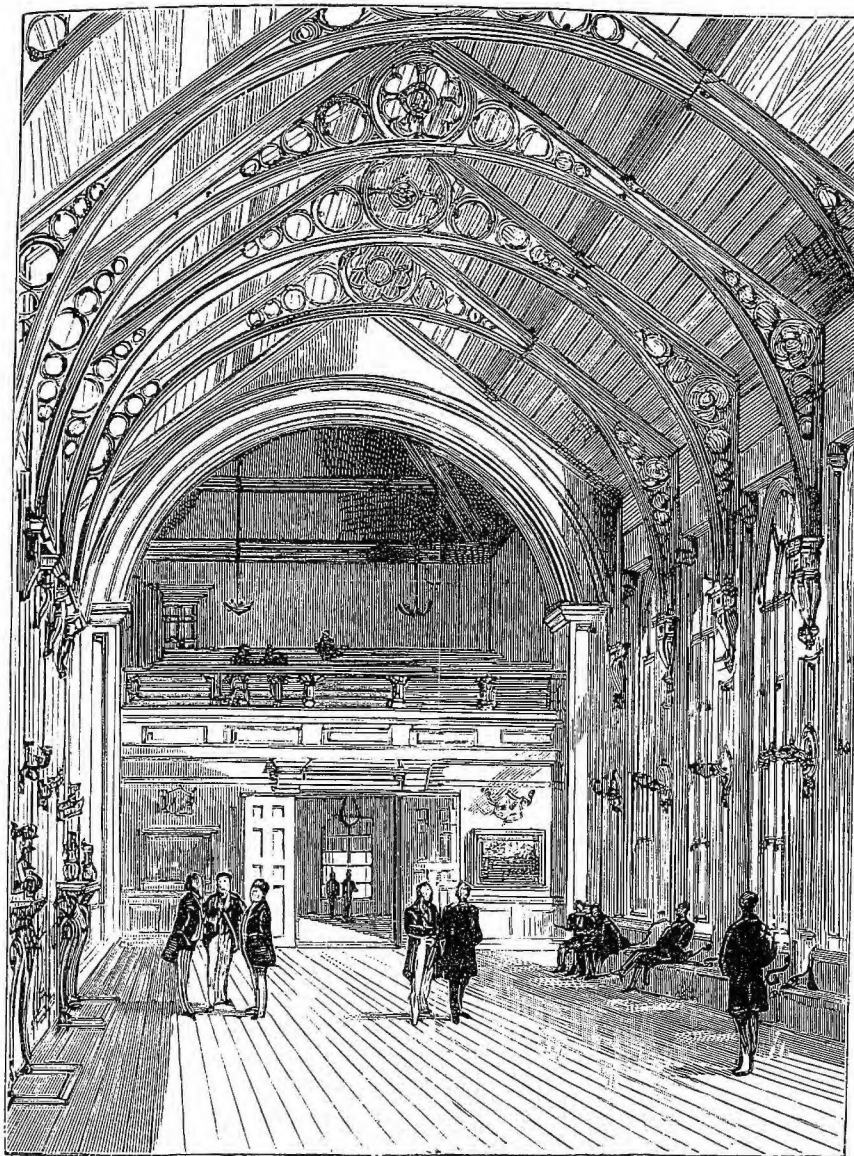


THE ORANGE PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE BOTANIC GARDENS, BELFAST, OCTOBER 6

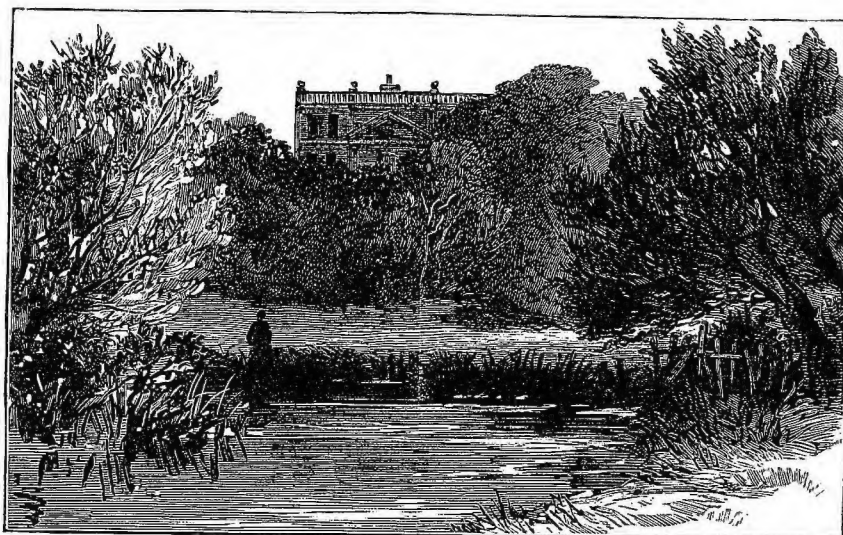


THE ORANGE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF BELFAST, OCTOBER 5

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN ULSTER



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW ULSTER CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB, MAY STREET, BELFAST



BELVOIR PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR THOMAS BATESON, BART., M.P., WHERE SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE HAS BEEN STAYING DURING HIS VISIT TO BELFAST

THE NEW ULSTER CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB, MAY STREET, BELFAST, OPENED BY SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, OCTOBER 3

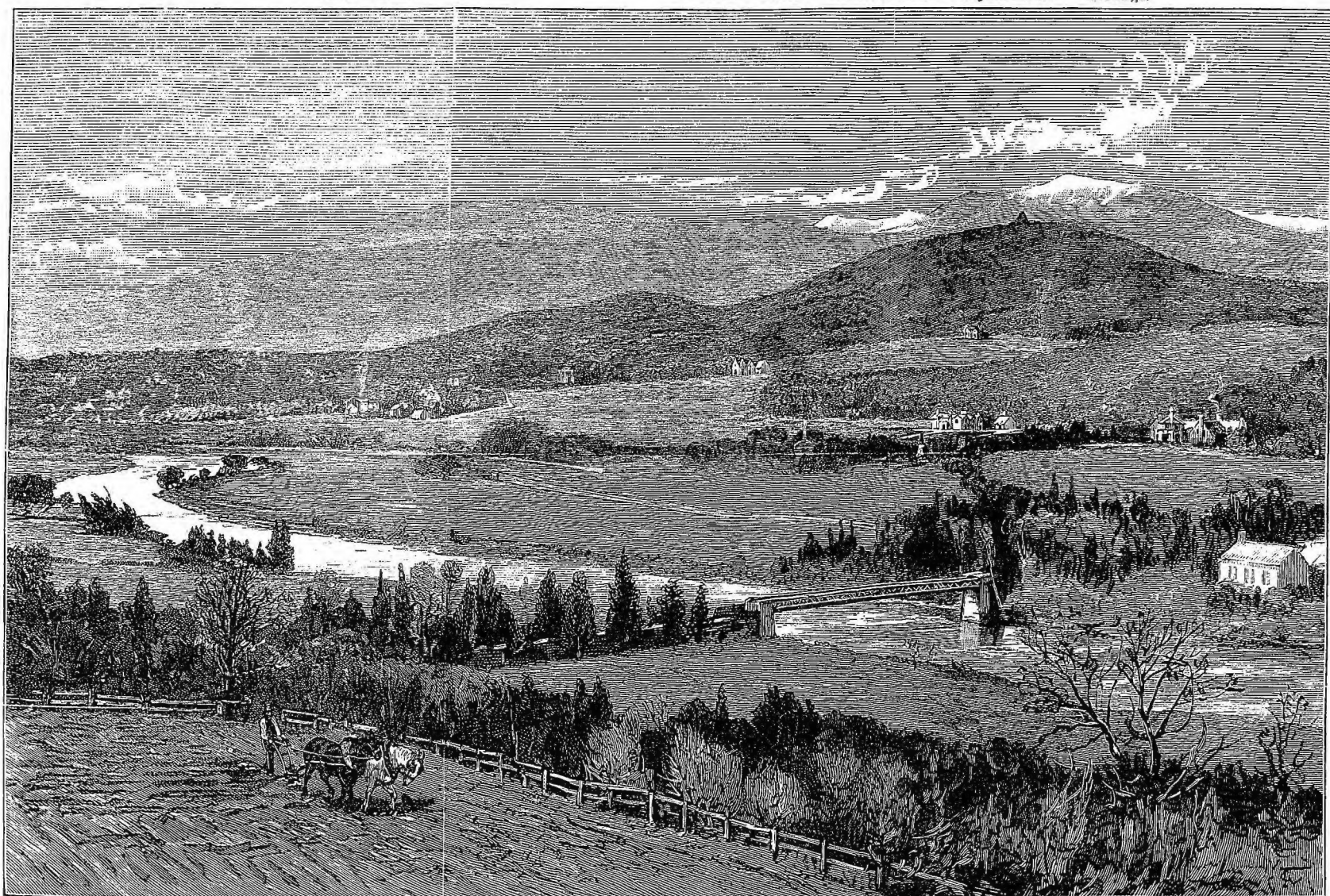
SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN ULSTER

Village of Crathie

Dr. Profeit's House

House of the Late Mr. John Brown

Lochnagar



Manse and Churchyard

Lochnagar Distillery

Obelisk

The Prince Consort's Statue
River Dee

The Albert Cairn

The Queen's Dairy

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY NEAR BALMORAL-LOCHNAGAR AND THE VALLEY OF THE DEE

NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AT GLASGOW

THE foundation-stone of the new Municipal Buildings in George Square, Glasgow, was laid on Saturday last, the 6th inst., by the Hon. John Ure, the Lord Provost, with Masonic and civic ceremonies. A Masonic procession passed through some of the principal streets, and a trades' demonstration formed one of the most attractive features of the day's proceedings. In the evening the Corporation gave a banquet, there was a *concertation* in the Town Hall, and a grand display of fireworks was let off in the public parks.

Hitherto, says a local journal called *The Bailie*, the Town Council has been most indifferently lodged. And it is not only the Councillors who have had to complain of their putting-up; overcrowding has prevailed in the public offices, and their dispersion over the town causes the loss both of time and money to the ratepayers. With the completion of the new Town's House in George Square, all this will come to an end. It will take rank with the famous municipal buildings of the Low Countries and of France. The new edifice will include a spacious council chamber, and council, committee, and refreshment rooms, a roomy banquet hall, and plentiful accommodation for the various departments to which the city government is entrusted. For the site, which was formerly covered with business premises, 170,000*l.* has been paid, and the cost of the structure, including fittings and furniture, will probably amount to an additional 350,000*l.* The buildings are to be erected after the later Renaissance style, from the designs of Mr. William Young, a well-known architect, author of a work entitled "Town and Country Mansions;" while Lord Provost Ure, by his foresight and energy, has lifted the scheme out of the dead-lock in which it was previously lying.

ILLICIT DIAMOND-BUYING IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE law is that no white man may buy a diamond from a negro. The reason for the law is that most, if not all, of the manual labour of diamond-digging being performed by black labourers, there is a great temptation for them to secrete precious stones and sell them, if facilities for the purchase of diamonds are afforded. There are plenty of store-keepers, canteen-keepers, &c., on the diamond-fields who are ready to break the law in this manner for the sake of wrongful gain; and it is asserted that not more than half the men who have returned to Europe, after having made their fortunes on the diamond-fields, have done so fairly and honestly. The other half have been illicit diamond-buyers, or, in Colonial parlance, "I. D. B.'s."

The police sometimes set a trap to catch these offenders. Our two sketches (which are by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Hoff Street, Cape-town) show how it is done. The detectives furnish a Kafir (who is in their pay) with a diamond; and bid him go and try and sell it to a canteen-keeper whom they suspect. The canteen-keeper falls into the trap, and is arrested, the Kafir showing the money he has received in exchange for the stone.

Altogether, it seems to us a dirty and discreditable business. A man may deserve punishment; and yet, when he is caught by a snare, one feels some sympathy for him. But we cannot help thinking that the Kafir labourers in the diamond-fields are inadequately paid. Why should the white man get the lion's share of the find? He is not like a farmer. He has not ploughed, and sown, and harrowed. It is no thanks to him that the soil of Kimberley is sown with diamonds. Yet the black man, who does all the hard work, gets merely labourer's wages. We think in equity he ought to get a percentage on the price of every stone discovered. Then there would be fewer "I. D. B.'s."

THE CHURCH CONGRESS

IN his opening Address, the Bishop of Oxford, not in his character as President of the Congress, but as the Bishop of the Diocese, welcomed the strangers present at Reading in very happy and eloquent language. "We are a rustic folk," he said, "a people of few words, we have no lives of manufacturing industry, the staple excepted for which Reading is known all over the world, a staple which has a savour of the quiet fireside and of the social board." This allusion to the biscuits of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer was very neatly introduced. But the Bishop proceeded to say that Reading lay on the banks of a noble river which first flowed past the walls of one of the most famous Universities of Europe, and then past the foremost public school of England. Midway between Oxford and Eton, Reading was no inappropriate meeting ground for a Church Congress.

The Congress was opened on Tuesday, October the 2nd, by special services at the churches of St. Mary, St. Lawrence, and St. Giles, where sermons were respectively preached to overflowing congregations by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Bishop of Meath. The Archbishop preached from the text Micah v. 4-5. He spoke of Christianity as the final manifestation of God to man. Reformation was as much wanted now as in the sixteenth century. There was a new captivity from which we needed deliverance. As Jules Simon had said, "The struggle of this century was between Spiritualism and Nihilism."

The Darwinian doctrine of Evolution, which was at one time thought to be subversive of, is now found to afford additional proof in favour of, a divine Revelation. The subject was fully discussed at the Congress, especially by the Rev. Aubrey Moore, and the Bishop of Carlisle. In his discourse the Bishop said that the true doctrine of Evolution was not opposed to the Biblical account of the Creation. To accept the Darwinian theory of the growth and development of man was not denying Creation, or getting rid of the postulate of a God. The addresses were delivered in the new Congress Hall, a temporary wooden structure capable of seating some 3,000 persons.

The well-known Father Ignatius was present at Reading, though not as a member of the Church Congress, as his doctrines and views of ecclesiastical government would not be accepted as orthodox by that body. Nevertheless, his address at the Foresters' Hall was listened to by a crowded and interested audience.

The Congress terminated on Friday, the 5th inst., the Mayor and Mrs. Simonds entertaining the members at a *concertation* in the Town Hall. Next year's meeting is to be at Carlisle. In our last we spoke of the Evangelical party as holding aloof. Second thoughts—consequent, in part, on the revision of the programme—suggested a wiser policy, and the Low Church was adequately represented at an assembly which every year becomes more business-like and less acrimoniously disputative.

TYPE OF BEAUTY. NO. XI.

To judge from the ideals of feminine beauty which are yearly exhibited on the walls of the Paris Salon, and which our readers recently had an opportunity of seeing in the collection of Types of Beauty exhibited in "The Graphic Gallery," French artists have two leading and distinct types of female loveliness. We have already given examples of each in M. Baudry's thin, pale, refined-looking "Parisina," and M. Lévy's florid, Rubens-like damsel, whose charms are considered to be heightened by gorgeous robes and flashing jewels. The "Beauty" which we publish this week is equally of the Rubens type, and is especially interesting as being the ideal of an artist who is considered the greatest living portrait painter of France, M. Carolus Duran. This artist, who was born at Lille, in 1838, was a pupil of Souffron, and studied in Paris, subsequently going for a brief period to Rome. His first picture which attracted public attention was "The Victim of Assassination" in 1866, for which he received a medal. M. Duverger de Hauranne writes of him thus in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "Behold a

painter, one of those to whom we make our obeisances, even when we ought to criticise. His work is a subject of controversy, but no one can deny him an astonishing power in colour and incomparable vigour of modelling, and a marvellous control of all the means of his art, even in his most dangerous boldness; and above all an originality which subjugates those whom it is far from charming. To what school belongs Carolus Duran? Is he descended from the Flemish or the Spanish schools, or is he related only to himself? It is very difficult to say, but it seems to me that the Spanish Goya would have painted thus if he had not so abused his black, and if he had been a lover of reality instead of a fantast and a poet."

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 373.

NOTE.—This week's issue contains the first of a series of Illustrated Articles on the Congo, by Mr. H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S.



MANCHESTER, as all resident electors knew would be the case, though distant observers had their doubts, rejected last week the Radical, Dr. Pankhurst, by the enormous majority of 11,972, the Doctor only polling 6,126 votes, against the 18,188 of the Conservative, Mr. Houldsworth. The decisive nature of his defeat is said to have been due to the resolve of the great mass of Liberal electors to abide by the decision of the Caucus. A subsequent attempt to found a Radical Association in the city seems to have ended in nothing more than a lively discussion, during which Dr. Pankhurst left the room.

MR. ATKINS, the delegate of the Indian Railway Servants' Society, was rather coldly received at the Annual Congress of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants at Edinburgh, whither he had come express from India to explain the dangers to the poorer class of Europeans if Mr. Ilbert's Bill should become law. A resolution was ultimately adopted to the effect that the Indian Government should freely open up all official posts to duly qualified persons, irrespective of race or creed.

THE LARGE SUMS COLLECTED IN AMERICA in aid of P. O'Donnell, out of which 60,000 dollars have already been remitted to England, are likely to be followed by the arrival here of a cloud of witnesses to character, and lawyers from the United States. Among the latter may be Lewis Cassidy, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and the leading criminal lawyer of Philadelphia. Mr. C. Russell, M.P., has received a brief as leader for the defence. Besides the plea of self-defence, that of insanity will also be set up.

ANOTHER ARREST in connection with the Glasgow dynamite conspiracy was made on Saturday last at Newcastle. The prisoner, who bears the name of McCullagh, is stated to have had letters in his possession from his wife, informing him that she had burned all the documents relating to the Secret Society.

A PRIVATE INQUIRY into the murder of Lord Mountmorres has been going on for some days in the Galway Police Court, before Mr. Brady, R.M., County Inspector Murphy, and District Inspector Phillips. The approver, a tinker, saw the shot fired, and has given the names of the guilty persons. Some of these, however, have left the country.—Joe Poole, the alleged murderer of Kenny, is to be tried on the 23rd, under the Crimes Prevention Act, and directions have been given to the High Sheriff to provide a special jury for the occasion. The defence will be that Poole and Kenny were both attacked by some of the "Council party," the deadly enemies of the "Stephens party," to which the two friends belonged. Poole made his escape, but was prevented by his oath as a member of the Fenian Brotherhood from calling in the assistance of the law.—The last survivor of the 800 victims of the famous Dunsandle Estate evictions in 1846 was buried on Sunday last at Loughrea, in the presence of a large assemblage. He had been summoned by Mr. Parnell as a witness in the late State trials.—The Parnell Fund, having at length reached the respectable amount of 26,980*l.*, will be closed on December 1st. A banquet in commemoration of the event will be given to Mr. Parnell by the Committee on the 10th.—A lengthy pastoral has been issued by Cardinal McCabe on the subject of Catholic Education in Ireland. The gains of recent years can only, he maintains, be regarded as an instalment of the concessions which have still to be made before Catholics are placed on an equality with other Denominations.—Some twenty persons, who had taken part in the riotous proceedings at Belfast on Saturday and Friday, were brought up on Monday in the police-court, before Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Johnston, when three were sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, one to two months', and others to fines of 40*s.* and costs. The torchlight processions were severely condemned by Mr. Hamilton.—Mr. Healy has been stumping County Dublin as the advocate of a Registration Act. In Dublin City his party claim enormous gains at the recent registrations conducted by The Macdermott.

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY into the Woolwich disaster is now sitting. Orders have been given that henceforth the cleaning and repainting of rockets shall be carried on at a safe distance from the stores. Meanwhile, attention has been called to the Herbert Hospital at Shooter's Hill, where 500 patients (many of them bed-ridden) are often accommodated on the upper floors, while the basement and cellars are the principal *dépot* of medical supplies for troops on service, often containing 200,000*l.* worth of stores of the most inflammable description.

AN EXPLOSION AT SEA caused the destruction last week of four lives and a fine steamer, the *Empress*, trading between Hull and Hamburg. The steamer, which had left Hull on Friday with fifty passengers, had put back in consequence of a leak, and had just arrived off Spurn Point when some sulphate of ammonia in the fore part caught fire, blowing four of the crew away, and disabling a fifth with a compound fracture of the leg. The vessel was at once beached, and twenty-five of the passengers landed, the remainder going back to Hull in a tug which had been sent to their assistance. The *Empress*, whose cargo was chiefly coal, continued to burn until nothing was left of her but the iron shell.

THE COMMISSION for a Memorial Statue commemorative of the Sunderland Music Hall disaster has been given almost unanimously to Mr. Brooker, sculptor, of that town, after an inspection of the clay model by the Committee and their friends. The statue represents a sorrowing mother of heroic size with a dead child on her knee, and will be executed in the finest Sicilian marble, at a cost of 500 guineas. It will be placed in the Museum of the Free Library.

A PROPOSAL for a Marine Observatory at some point of the coast for the continuous observation of the growth, the food, the habits, and the enemies of our British fish has been signed by fifteen of our leading naturalists. Twenty thousand pounds, which can well be spared out of the surplus of the Fisheries Exhibition, will suffice, they calculate, to found an establishment which might soon be made to pay its own expenses.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS at Huddersfield closed on Wednesday. An invitation to meet next year at Birmingham was considered and accepted.

AT A MEETING OF THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL last week the proposal of Mr. Stoneham to enter on the minutes the resolution passed at a meeting of the Livery, censuring the action of the Court of Aldermen in the election of a new Lord Mayor was defeated by a majority of 50 votes in a Court of 156. The incident may therefore now be regarded as "closed."

THE honour of a Knight Companionship of the Order of the Garter has been conferred by the Queen on the Duke of Argyll, K.T.

WE HAVE TO RECORD THE DEATHS since our last issue of the Right Rev. Augustus Short (æt. 80), first Bishop of Adelaide, a See which he only resigned last year. Dr. Short took a First Class at Oxford in 1826, and was consecrated Bishop in 1847. In politics he was a moderate High Churchman—of Commander J. Tom (æt. 83), one of the last survivors of the Battle of Algiers—of the Right Hon. W. Beresford (æt. 87), Secretary of State for War in the short-lived Derby Administration of 1852—of R. Gavin, R.S.A., elected Academician 1879—of Talfourd Salter, Q.C., appointed only last June prosecutor for the Post-Office on the South-Eastern Circuit—and of the mother of Lord Wolseley (æt. 83), at Richmond, Surrey, on Sunday last.

THE MECHANICAL PRESIDENT

IN the course of the last hundred years or so, our beloved city of Lutetia has had a rather curious assortment of Governments. Beginning with a King—whose head we found it necessary to remove by mechanism—we tried a Republic, a Consulate, an amateur Emperor; some more Kings, a second Republic, another amateur Emperor; and, lastly, a third and, we trust, last Republic, under which we are at present living. Third time is lucky, they say, but we don't find it so, as within the last few weeks the death of the senior member of our old Royal Family has set all adrift again, and we have lately found ourselves in danger of another amateur Emperor.

About this time one of the Deputies made a rather singular proposal; he suggested that it might not be impossible to devise a system of mechanism on the combined principles of the calculating machine and the roulette table, to which all questions under the consideration of the Chamber might be finally referred. For what, said he, is a King or a President but a, perhaps, weak-minded man, balanced between a number of opposing forces of which the welfare of his country is but one, and ever liable to be biased at the wrong moment by some undue influence of female or priestly origin? Whereas, by taking advantage of the skill of our engineers we may without doubt arrive at a perfectly impartial judge, only to be influenced by causes beyond human knowledge.

This idea, so startling in its originality, was taken up with a sort of enthusiasm, and very soon a Commission was appointed to receive information from engineers and men of science, and, if necessary, to experiment on the proposed machine.

While the members of the Commission were struggling with the mechanical problem, the Clerical party were enjoying a savage dispute over its probable theological influences; one party holding that it was utterly immoral and sinful: another, that its adoption would show a beautiful trust in Providence which could not fail to bring a blessing on the land; whilst the third and largest party, seeing that their supply of loaves and fishes was in danger, declared with one voice that the Deputy who proposed it, the Commission who were devising it, every engineer who had anything to do with it, and every man, woman, and child who had ever thought about it, were every one of them distinctly, separately, and most particularly in peril of their souls!

The sporting members of our Jockai Club were, on the other hand, delighted; it was exactly in their line, and seeing prospects of betting on a machine that could not err, could not be "got at," and was, of necessity, guarded by the State, they watched the labours of our Commission with a perfect enthusiasm. The general public did not care two pence for the matter. After a time, the Commission sent in a report of a most favourable nature, and, to cut a long story short, the construction of the machine was ordered.

I shall never forget the scene on the first day of its use, as this happened to be one of our few holidays, and about two-thirds of the population of Lutetia had collected round the Chamber. At every corner could be seen a model of the machine—worked on the principle of the roulette table—on which the populace diligently staked their pence, gamboling, as an English friend of mine observed, "Like lambs at play." Inside the Chamber, the scene was brilliant, the galleries crowded with friends and relations of the senators; the Chamber itself was full, not one member being absent, and all eyes turned to a spot in front of the Presidential tribune, where a mysterious object covered with flags was said to be our new mechanical ruler.

Very soon after my entrance, the President of the Council opened the sitting with the usual forms, and, amid breathless attention, gave an account of the machine and of the labours of the Commission; then, pulling a cord, the flag drapery fell away, and, for the first time, we saw our mechanical ruler.

From a cubical, altar-like pedestal, apparently of bronze, projected right and left a polished rod, having a cross handle at each end for winding up some clockwork on which the action of the machine depended. From the top protruded a short shaft, carrying on its top a shallow steel tray, in which lay loose a steel die of thirty-six facets, nine inscribed "oui," nine "non," nine "comm"—a sign that the question was to be referred to a Commission—while, if the die turned up one of the remaining nine blanks, the question had to be reconsidered by the Chamber, and votes taken as to submitting it to the House a second time. The steel spindle rotated and swung in every possible position, so as also to tumble the die in all directions, but to ensure that the combinations should never be twice alike a rather singular device was employed. Over the skylight, in the centre of the ceiling, was fitted a large and powerful wind-vane, from which, in sight of all, descended a steel rod, connected to the machine in such a manner that any movement of the vane caused an alteration of the angle of the upright spindle, and therefore of the dish. Thus the movements of the die were to a great extent dependent on the winds of Heaven, and the impartial judgment of the machine was ensured beyond a doubt! Whilst I am describing this you must suppose that the President of the Chamber has inquired of the House whether the machine is to be employed to decide upon certain Bills that have passed the Chamber, and await the final approval of the President. Without a single dissentient voice, the Chamber passes a resolution authorising the machine to decide upon three Bills! The first Bill, for a branch line to the "Chemin de Fer du Nord" being laid upon the table, the President of the Chamber called on the proposer and seconder to wind up the motor. Under his direction they each seized one of the handles and began their task. At each turn of the handles the clang of a small bell resounded through the chamber, and at the seventh turn a double clang told them that their task was ended. Stepping a pace back, they assumed an attitude of expectation, and stood on guard over the machine.

Rising to his feet, the President drew himself up to his full height and glanced round the Chamber.

Every Senator sprang to his feet, and for a moment the silence was as of death. Evidently nerving himself for the effort, the President, with a gesture of noble patriotism, stretched out his hand, and with stern decision pressed the electric key.

Instantly the machine sprang into life; round went the dish, tumbling the die in all directions; backward and forward swung the spindle, evidently affected by the movements of the wind-vane seen

verhead, through the glass lantern, while over and over tumbled the die, its polished facets twinkling in the rays of an electric light which projected a picture of the dish on the ceiling.

In thirty seconds the machine stopped suddenly, decisively, and there, projected on the ceiling, was seen the polished facet of the die with the word "out" thereon. The first Bill had received the mechanical assent.

A roar of voices burst forth in the Chamber, half-a-dozen ladies fainted in the gallery, and the noise was so great that the Presidential bell tinkled in vain for some time. At last a moment's silence was obtained, and he was enabled to declare that the first Bill, having received the mechanical assent, would now become law. The excitement was so great that it became necessary to close the sitting for the day.

F. M.



IN his very entertaining volume about "Gloves," a reprint from the columns of the *Bazaar* (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), Mr. W. Beck has had the good fortune to light upon a subject a complete history of which had still to be written. With the exception, indeed, of a treatise by a Mr. William Hull, in which much information about gloves was hidden under the disguise of an Anti-Free-Trade publication, the searcher after glove-lore had to go to slender chapters in works on Costume, or brief encyclopædia notices. And yet no single article of dress is more deserving of a special monograph, whether for its antiquity or its historical and symbolical associations. It has been said that traces of the glove or gauntlet have been found in the dwellings of the Cave-men; it is certain that gloves were in use for work-a-day or ceremonial purposes in the earliest days of Saxon England, and that the name (*glof*, from *lofa*, the hand) is of purest Anglo-Saxon origin. Gloves were a token of investitures and tenures, of plighted troth, of loyalty, or of defiance. Plantagenet Kings were buried in linen gloves, with goldsmiths' work upon the backs; Bishops wore them as symbolical of purity, until in later days the pure white linen became exchanged for enamelled and embroidered hand-coverings of divers colours—those of a Bishop of London; A.D. 1300, costing 5*l.*, while the gloves of his brother of Exeter were priced at 10*l.* Mr. Beck is naturally happiest when treating of gloves in the Middle Ages, when there was, so to speak, a species of "glove ritual," and those worn on great occasions seem from their size to have been made in order to display as much surface as possible for ornament, and not to fit the uniformly small hands of the old English knights and ladies. Successive chapters deal with gloves "in the Church" and "on the Throne;" with the perfumed gloves which often furnished a favourite medium for the poisoner; with gloves "upon the Bench," where the old practice still survives of presenting Judges with a white pair if there are no cases on the criminal list; and with gloves in "wager of battle," when knights cast their gauntlets into the lists, or when, less than two hundred years ago, the savage Borderer, thirsting for a fight, "o'er Hexham's altar hung his glove." And besides all this are many curious details of gloves' companies, past and present, and of the glove trade nowadays, when the old symbolism has become unmeaning, and "five three-quarters" or "six" are the chief thought of the fair purchasers. For pleasant, chatty gossip about many things not always generally known, Mr. Beck's volume is one of the most tasteful fruits of the latter weeks of the past book-season.

Scarcely less interesting is Mr. Fleming's "Old Violins and their Makers" (L. Upcott Gill), the brilliant workmen whom Italy produced at Brescia first and afterwards at Cremona, and who soon found worthy rivals in Germany, and even to some extent in England. Their trade would seem to have been one of those mysteries of skilled handicraft which cannot survive competition in cheap markets. Their varnish defies all attempts to reproduce it, though none of the ingredients, save dragon's blood, seem to have been difficult to procure, and the whole secret, perhaps, simply lay in the use of the purest oils, mixed deftly after traditional recipes. Mr. Fleming's notices of these famous craftsmen from Gasparo da Salò of Brescia—the maker, as Americans believe, of the favourite fiddle of Ole Bull—to the German Stainer, the Amati, the Guarnerius family, the Stradivari of Cremona, the English Bankes, first among makers of the second order, and the French Villaume, are admirable; nor is it easy to refrain from sympathising with his impossible wish that some of the finest violins in existence, like "the Joseph Guarnerius" of Paganini, or that masterpiece of the greatest of the Stradivari, "The Messiah" (a violin that has scarcely been touched since it left the makers' hands), should not be stored away, poor voiceless shells, in public or private collections. The art of violin-making, which seems to have rapidly declined after the death of A. Stradivarius, has latterly been revived, and would-be *connoisseurs* would gain more, in Mr. Fleming's judgment, by liberal encouragement of modern makers than by vain searches after a lucky *trouvaille* in an exhausted field, where every treasure and its whereabouts are now well known to the experienced collector.

From "the Queen of orchestral instruments" and her makers to great composers and singers is a short step, conveniently bridged over by Mr. David Kapte's "Musical Biography" (W. Morley and Co., Regent Street). The several notices are necessarily brief, and occasionally thin and insufficient, while ever and again we come across a name which might well have been omitted to give more space to the true celebrities. But they scarcely leave (so far as we have followed them) a composer, especially among our own countrymen, without some record, and even though it be for names and dates alone, make up a very useful manual of reference.

Of the scientific value of the next work on our list, Mr. Flinders Petrie's "Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh" (Field and Tuer), it is enough to say that it has been thought worthy of a vote of 100*l.* towards the expenses of publication by the Government Grant Committee of the Royal Society. The result of two years' labours on the spot, it is a volume rather for the mechanical engineer or the professed Egyptologist than the general reader; though the last, if often obliged to skip, will find much to glean upon the way—notably in the account of the methods employed by the old builders, their marvellous skill in the use of plaster, and their tools; in the chapters treating of the original arrangement of the inner passages and the flap doors, which deceived the Greek and Roman conquerors; in the history of the decline in pyramidal architecture after the grand days of the Fourth Dynasty, and of the causes which led, first to the violation, and then to the partial destruction of the pyramids and temples—nay, even in the catalogue of the implements employed by Mr. Petrie, notably the continuous steel tape in lieu of the old rod measures. The theories so wildly hazarded as to the design of the chief monument, the Great Pyramid *par excellence*, find little support in Mr. Petrie's measurements. "I feel," said an American, brimful of such fancies after a visit to the explorer, "as if I had been assisting at a funeral." The story of his life among the tombs, though very briefly told, is highly interesting, and very favourable to his Arab workmen, a friendly and kindly folk if treated well, though needing now and then a little discipline. The word "back-sheesh," strange to say, after he had fairly settled down among

them was never heard, and even the military revolt did not destroy his labours, though in 1881 there was one bad case of "looting" by the soldiery. The reader whom a first glance at chapters full of measurements and calculations may dismay, will lose very much if he straightway sets the book aside, and does not follow the very complete index of contents in search of matter better suited to his palate.

Under the title of "Forest Lands of Finland" (Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh), Dr. C. Brown contributes a third volume to his admirable series of works on Forestry in England and abroad, prefaced by some neatly-told descriptions from various hands of land and water excursions amidst the lakes and rapids of "the country of a thousand isles." The wasteful destruction of the virgin forests carried on under the ruinous system of "Sartage," the "Koomaree" of Southern India, by which lands are cleared for agriculture by wholesale burnings, and the reckless felling of trees which still goes on, now that the value of the woods is better known, under the temptation of high market prices, have done less harm in Finland than in warmer lands from the humidity of the soil. It is even questioned whether the gain to husbandry does not exceed the loss from the destruction of the woods. Still, there is room for improved management, most of all in the Crown Forests; and in the recently reorganised School of Forestry at Evois, and the new ordinances which may be expected to follow on the reports of the Commission of 1881, private owners and managers of Crown Lands will be taught to avoid all destruction which is pure waste, and so re-establish the desired balance between outlay and production. An exhaustive account of the forest trees of Finland and their uses, and a good chapter on the geology of the country complete a volume which is none the less readable for being less exclusively technical than its predecessors.

"Saturated Steam the Motive Power of Volcanoes and Earthquakes," by R. A. Peacock (E. and F. N. Spon)—a second edition, with a new supplement of reports of famous eruptions—explains its purport in its title. No other power than steam mixed with water can generate, so the author holds, the forces required to project, as in the eruption of Galunggung, A.D. 1822, *lapilli* to a distance of forty miles; while the electricity given out in the generation of steam, as shown in the experiments of Armstrong, can alone account for the, almost simultaneous appearance of volcanic outbreaks in countries half the world apart—the shock at Galunggung, for instance, reappearing twelve days later in the falling-in of the great cone of Vesuvius, and this being succeeded, after another interval of eighteen days, by a great earthquake in Chili. The evidence adduced is more than usually interesting since recent events in Java, and the theory has at all events the merit of not requiring us to suppose that in every eruption the earth yields up something of its primitive fire. Mere heat, indeed, exercises little or no explosive force, though earthquakes are often no doubt produced by the simple subsidence of the earth's crust.

Much as has been written about "Henry Irving" we can still find pleasure in Mr. Archer's "critical study" of the actor-manager in No. 3 of "The Vellum-Parchment Series" (Field and Tuer). The secret of the wondrous success achieved by one who never "emotionally excites" his audience and never fails "to interest them intellectually" is indicated with the discriminative impartiality of a critic who, though once adversely prejudiced by glaring faults of mannerism and pronunciation, yielded at last (as all, he thinks, who go to the Lyceum repeatedly must do), to the potency of sustained intellectual force and the magnetic influence of Irving's personality in the character-parts which really suit him.

Select but few, we fear, will be the readers of Southey's somewhat prolix "Chronicle of the Cid," the fourth volume of Professor Morley's "Universal Library" (Routledge and Sons). Prose, though it be Southey's, cannot well compete with verse in renderings of the long-winded Spanish romance, and of such renderings there are quite enough to tell us all we really care to know of even so renowned a Paladin as "Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor."

From Mr. Saintsbury we get two more volumes of his judiciously revised reprint of "Scott's Edition of the Works of Dryden" (W. Paterson, Edinburgh); from Mr. Scholl, of Liverpool, the first part (A to K) of what promises to be a most useful "Phraseological Dictionary of Commercial Correspondence" in the four principal languages of the mercantile world, English, German, French, and Spanish.

A good idea has been satisfactorily carried out by the Rev. H. H. Bishop, M.A., in "Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). The author has set himself no less a task than that of tracing the rise and progress of architecture in the British Isles from the earliest days to our own; beginning with Roman architecture in Britain, he ends with Truro Cathedral and the New Law Courts. The book is illustrated with a very large number of wood-engravings of noted cathedrals, abbeys, and other buildings. Many of these engravings are in the highest style of art, and they form an almost unique record of the celebrated buildings of our land. Probably in no other work are there collected so many good representations of famous buildings. Mr. Bishop's accompanying letterpress shows the writer to be enthusiastic in his architectural studies. Though the work is essentially popular, the author has wide knowledge of his subject, which he treats not so much as a specialist, but as one interested in the general progress of thought in the country, mental changes being at once reflected in the architecture of the day. A list of authorities to be read at the end of the book will be of use to those who are commencing the study of architecture. The account of the construction of St. Paul's, in which praise and blame are very fairly bestowed upon Wren's masterpiece, is judicious, though the suggestion for bringing the building into greater harmony with architectural truth is not likely to be carried out. On the present-day developments of architecture as seen in the works of Messrs. Norman Shaw, Pearson, and Waterhouse, Mr. Bishop has some interesting remarks. The uses and the dangers of the employment of terra-cotta are well stated, and illustrated by references to the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington and Messrs. Doulton's manufactory at Lambeth. This book may well be recommended to those who, being ignorant of the subject, yet wish to gain some comprehensive view of the progress of architectural art in England. It forms at the same time a highly interesting and complete pictorial record of the important buildings of our land.

To those who know a little of knitting, and yet do not possess sufficient knowledge of that art to make a comfortable pair of stockings, the small book, entitled "A Complete Guide to Stocking-Knitting," by Andrewetta (Women's Printing Society, Limited), will be found most useful. Simple but complete directions are given for knitting the various parts of the sock or stocking, together with the wools and sizes of needles required.

THE LATE MR. HELDER.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. George Helder, for many years of Rio de Janeiro, but latterly of Liverpool. Mr. Helder was one of the proprietors of this journal since its foundation, and showed at all times the greatest interest in its welfare. His loss will be regretted among a large circle of friends and merchants in the Brazils, in London, and in Liverpool, where he was universally respected for his untiring energy, straightforwardness, and integrity.



A "PUNCH D'INDIGNATION" is the latest title for Opposition political meetings in Paris.

A GRAND IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITION will be held in Paris next spring—the works of the late painter, Edouard Manet, who was the High Priest of the Naturalist Art School.

PIOUS ITALIANS fear that some great calamity threatens their country. This year the blood of San Gennaro, which annually liquefies on the anniversary of the saint's martyrdom, remained solid for several days instead of repeating the miracle, and this omen has hitherto always produced some catastrophe.

BRITISH SKYLARKS appear to have been successfully acclimatized across the Atlantic. Eighty-four birds were set free two years ago on a New Jersey farm, and little by little the larks have scattered till they have now been seen in various parts of the country rearing young, and quite happy, and at home. It is to be hoped that they will not turn out such bad characters as the sparrows.

FLOWER LOVERS among the working-classes and the poorer Londoners can now profit by the usual autumn distribution of surplus bedding-out plants from the London Parks and State suburban pleasure-gardens. Application should be made by the clergy, school committees, and others interested in the various parishes, to the superintendent of the nearest park, or of Kew or Hampton Court Gardens.

THE "CORRESPONDENCE OFFICE" of the Amsterdam Exhibition sends us the enclosed for insertion. We comply with their request *literatim*:—"The closing of the International Exhibition at Amsterdam is fixed on the 31st October. It must be known that a tumbola is connected with this Exhibition. The drawing of it will be later announced. Towards the middle of this month a partly drawing crill already take place. The weather remaining very favorable in Holland, the Exhibition may in consequence enjoy itself of a numerous visit."

THE STRANGE CONDITION OF THE SUN at certain periods of the day excited great interest in Southern India early last month. Both morning and evening the sun was tinged with a bluish-yellow colour, and its disc became bluish-green, suggesting to jokers the old childish story that the moon was made of green cheese, and that the sun was apparently of similar composition. It is believed that the phenomenon was due to the passage across India of a tremendous volume of sulphurous vapour arising from the volcanic disturbances in Sunda Straits. It is worth noting that about the same time in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, the sun towards evening became blue.

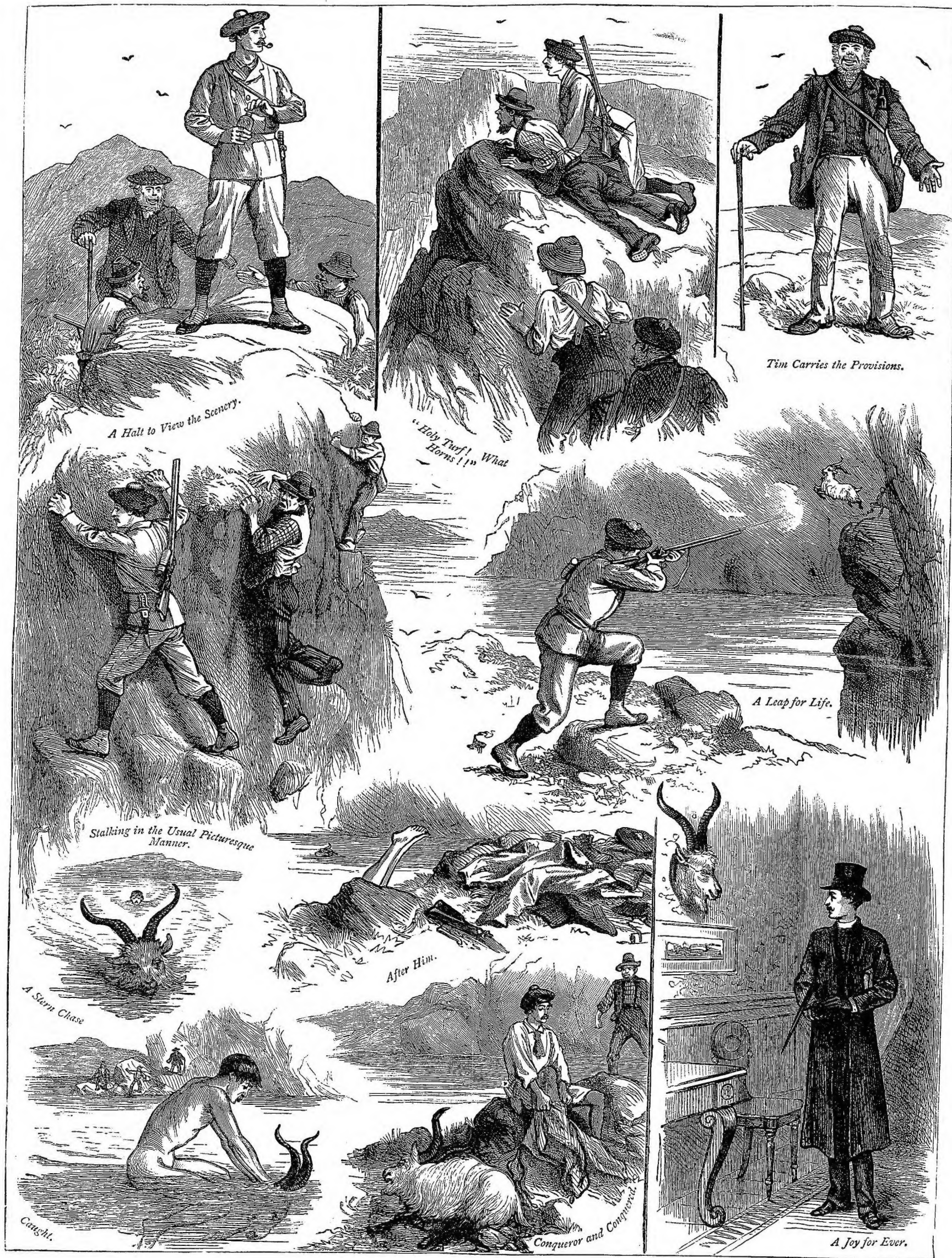
LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease, and 1,252 deaths were registered, against 1,257 during the previous seven days (a decline of 5), being 208 below the average, and at the rate of 16*·*5 per 1,000. There were three deaths from small-pox (a rise of 1), 11 from measles (an increase of 7), 63 from scarlet fever (a fall of 14), 19 from diphtheria, 14 from whooping-cough (a decline of 8), 1 from typhus fever (a fall of 1), 21 from enteric fever (a rise of 6), 48 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 13), and 6 from simple cholera. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 191 (against 163 the previous week), but were 69 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths; 50 were the result of accident or negligence. There were 2,387 births registered against 2,399 the previous week, being 219 below the average.

SUNDAY RECREATION IN ENGLAND seems to be steadily winning its way, notwithstanding all the opposition of Sabbatarians. During the late summer season over 10,000 persons enjoyed Sunday holiday trips in the country through the efforts of the National Sunday League, whose bands also provided nineteen performances in the Regent's Park and eleven in Finsbury Park, attended by thousands of quiet, respectable people. And, by the way, those rigid personages who look on music for the people on Sundays as a grievous snare, and an effectual preventive of church-going, might take a hint from a well-known little Belgian town, where the crowded services show no lack of devotion, particularly amongst the men. There the band kiosk stands at the very Cathedral door, and during Sunday ecclesiastical festivals the congregations regularly enjoy capital secular music during the intervals between the services.

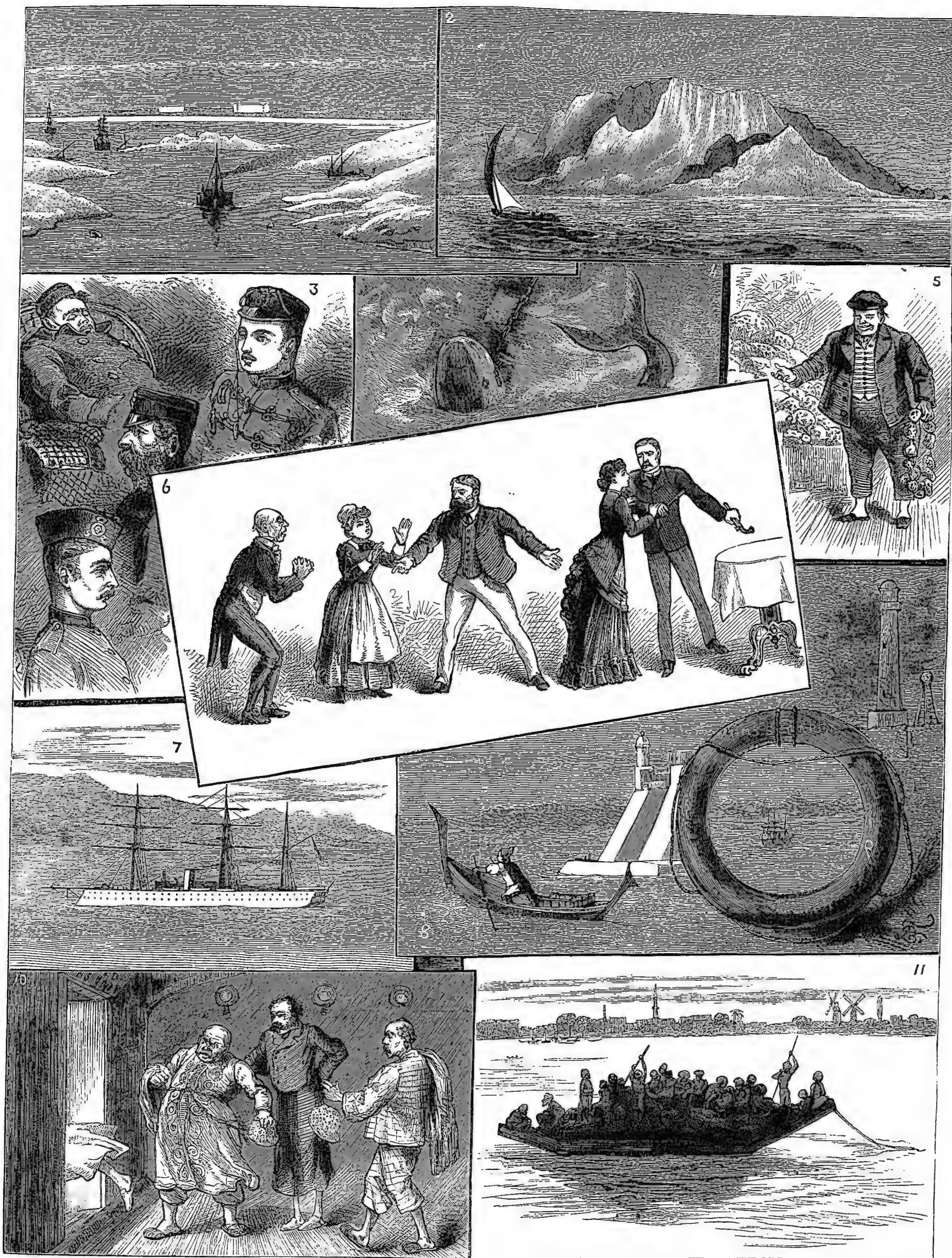
LORD COLERIDGE'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES has brought him some amusing experiences, and one of the most comic was the petition gravely presented to him by the wits of Buffalo, N.Y. Headed, "In the matter of The Ancient Mariner, de'cd," this petition, the *American Register* tells us, stated that, "Whereas there exist in the minds of your petitioners certain grave doubts as to the real meaning and intention desired to be conveyed by one Samuel Taylor Coleridge, professional poet, now deceased, in, through, and by his ancient production, cyclopd 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' and furthermore, the termination of another of the productions of said Coleridge, called 'Christabel,' being as abrupt and unsatisfactory as an effort of one Henry James, jun.—a so-called novelist—we do especially pray that your lordships will complete the said poem of 'Christabel' aforesaid, and most definitely and lucidly explain the exact meaning of the said 'Rime of Ancient Mariner,' aforesaid, and your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

THE NATIONAL COLLECTION OF BIRDS opened at the South Kensington Natural History Museum on Monday promises to become one of the best State ornithological collections in the world. The bulk of the department has been brought here from the British Museum, but large additions have been made, and the Museum authorities have commissioned agents to hunt up contributions from all parts of the globe. Great alterations also have been made in the arrangement of specimens. Instead of being exhibited in the old wall cases, the different species of birds are placed in classes in large alcoves along the hall, the history of each group being shown when practicable by the nest, eggs, young, and skeletons of the birds being placed by the specimen in full plumage. In the centre of every alcove stands the most striking representative of the family, and as far as possible the popular name of the bird is added to the scientific—a very useful innovation for less cultivated visitors. The splendid Gould collection of humming birds is in this hall, which, though opened to the public, is as yet by no means complete.

A BABY WALRUS is now housed in the Westminster Aquarium—the second of his kind ever caught alive, so it is believed. The little fellow was captured in Davis Straits by the crew of the steam whaler *Polymia*, who killed his mother as she was floating asleep in the water. As the men neared the old walrus, the baby suddenly appeared, and was taken into the boat; but its piteous cries brought two big male walruses to its help, and the crew had a severe fight before killing the would-be rescuers. On board ship the young walrus soon became very docile, and a perfect plaything of the sailors; while now he is so fond of human society that he growls and grumbles vigorously if left alone. He is about five months old, and is between four and five feet long, with bright scarlet eyes, but is not at present in good condition, having been kept without water on board ship, while he has caught a chill in travelling. Further, he is cutting his tusks, which seems as trying to the little walrus as teething is to a baby, and he greatly enjoys having his gums rubbed. The creature lives entirely on fish, devouring 8 lbs. of mussels daily in default of his favourite food, raw salmon.



A CURATE'S HOLIDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS



1. Lake Timsah, Suez Canal.—2. Aden.—3. Some of the Passengers.—4. "Hooked," But Afterwards He "Hooked It."—5. Malta Sponges.—6. Theatricals on Board: "Who Speaks First?"—7. At Sea.—8. Malta.—9. Red Sea.—10. The Order of the Bath.—11. Coaling Boats Coming Alongside at Port Said.



THE relations between FRANCE and SPAIN still form the chief "burning question" of Europe. It is difficult from the multiplicity of rumours to gather the exact truth, but there is little doubt that the Spanish Government are seriously dissatisfied with the French Cabinet for the non-fulfilment of President Grévy's promise to publish the apology which he verbally made to King Alfonso. There have been a few half-hearted lines in the *Journal Officiel*, authenticating the version previously given by the Havas Agency, which did not give the entire text, while the word "wretches," which so excited the wrath of the Radicals, and, in fact, formed the pith of the apology, was not mentioned. Nor, indeed, was the King's reply given, in which he declared that he would "sacrifice" himself, and consent to attend M. Grévy's dinner. The Spaniards are very angry about this, and have evidently made some unofficial remonstrances to the French Cabinet on the matter. These are not wholly meeting with success, and there is much talk about the withdrawal of the Ambassador at Paris, the Duke of Fernan Nunez, and the immediate summoning of the Cortes to receive a Ministerial statement. Matters, however, have been somewhat bettered by the enforced resignation of General Thibaudin, the French Minister of War, who had point blank refused to take part in the official reception of the Spanish monarch. Admitted into the Cabinet as the only officer who could be found to dismiss the Orleanist Princes from their commands, General Thibaudin has ever since been a thorn in the flesh of M. Jules Ferry. The latter bore with his colleague until the Spanish incident, when he told M. Grévy frankly that if the present Cabinet were to continue in office the General must be requested to resign. His successor is General Camponon, a good soldier and a staunch Republican, who held the War Portfolio under M. Gambetta.

Indeed it is a hopeful sign that there are now four Gambettist Ministers in M. Ferry's Cabinet, a fact, however, which does not please the Radicals, who are using very violent language just now against the Ministry, against Spain, and against Germany. On their side the Conservative organs are roundly abusing M. Grévy, and the *Figaro* has published an article headed "Allez vous en," in which the President is told to quit the Elysée, and make room for the representative of that Monarchy which "won Alsace and Lorraine—lost under the Republic; for the national dynasty, which would bring us friendships and alliances impossible under the Republic; and for the valiant and popular princes who would avenge us for your shame and disgrace." The journalistic controversy between the Cabinet organs and those of the Elysée is also continuing, the *Paix* declaring that it is unjust to sacrifice General Thibaudin to the King of Spain. That officer, however, is perfectly capable of taking care of himself, and is posing as an injured victim before the Radicals, who regard him as a patriotic martyr. His removal from office will lighten M. Ferry's labours in another direction—that of China, for the General has been ever opposed to the despatch of really powerful reinforcements, while General Camponon, who has served in China, is better able to realise the gravity of the situation.

The negotiations with the Marquis Tseng are still proceeding, though, if general report is to be believed, no solution to the difficulty has as yet been discovered. France still holds to her claim to the delta of the Red River, and so does China, while both appear to be awaiting some decisive military event in Tonkin, which would give a certain advantage to one side or the other. According to the usually well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, the Pekin Government has rejected the proposals contained in M. Ferry's memorandum, and the following frontier line is now being discussed. Beginning at the mouth of the Phu-Tai-Binh delta arm, it follows this in a north-westerly direction to the Canal of the Rapids, then skirts this as far as the Red River, and runs along this stream to the town of Hung Hoa, where it is proposed to establish the Chinese Custom House. By this line the delta, which is the cardinal point of the controversy, would be divided into two equal parts. Meanwhile, official statements represent a flourishing state of things at the seat of war. The Annamite Mandarins continue to offer their submission to M. Harmand, while the Black Flags, decimated by illness and their severe losses, are retreating, the road from Hanoi to Songtay being now free from hostile bands. Thus, in a reconnaissance as far as Day and the Canal of the Rapids, Colonel Bichot met with no enemy. He found, however, a sad relic of the French reverses—the heads of Commandant Rivière and thirty-two of his soldiers in a mound near Phukai. The French troops are stated to be in splendid health, and on the arrival of reinforcements a general and decisive advance is expected to be made. The French have now concluded a treaty with the King of Cambodia, by which they assume a protectorate over that State—a step nearer the much-coveted Empire of Siam.

In PARIS there is little gossip this week, and gloom has been cast over social circles by the death of the son of the Greek Minister, M. Mavrocordato, who accidentally shot himself when trying a new revolver. There have been two dramatic novelties—three-act dramas written on conventional Gallic lines—one, *Les Maucroix*, by M. Albert Delpit, at the Français; and the other by M. Jean Marras, *La Famille d'Armelles*, at the Odéon—both very qualified successes.

In SPAIN the quarrel with France is absorbing all circles, and this certainly serves to enhance the popularity of the King with every class. There is much talk about a Ministerial crisis, but the great probability is that the existing Cabinet will remain in office until the meeting of the Cortes, when compromise will again be the order of the day, and Señor Moret and the Dynastic Left party be admitted to a share of power.

In AUSTRIA-HUNGARY all attention is fixed upon the debate upon the Croatian question in the Hungarian Lower House. Herr Tisza has proposed a resolution ordering the escutcheons with Croatian inscriptions to remain, and those with bilingual inscriptions to be taken down, and replaced by shields with no inscription at all. The tone of the speeches has been most moderate, and the Minister of Finance stated that the Croatian Government had never objected to the escutcheons, and, indeed, had declared that it would be a slur on the loyalty of the Croats to suppose that they would do anything against them, and that the military would be needed. In a brilliant speech on Tuesday Herr Tisza testified to the moderation which had been displayed, and declared that in recommending such a policy he was rendering a service to his country. On Wednesday Herr Tisza's resolution was accepted by a majority of eighty-two—the largest obtained by the present Cabinet. The trial of the murderers of Count Majláth, at Buda-Pesth, has resulted in the condemnation to death of all three prisoners, Paul Spanga and John Berez being found guilty of the actual murder, and Michael Pitely of inciting them to the crime. The news from the Bosnian and Herzegovinian provinces is exceptionally good, the recruiting having been carried on without difficulty, even in the districts which last year were in open insurrection.

In ITALY the Pope received a large number of Italian pilgrims in St. Peter's on Sunday, and in his address to them enlarged upon the

observations which he recently addressed to the cardinals entrusted with searching out the true history of the Papacy from the Vatican archives. "A conspiracy of sects," he declared, "has reduced the Holy See to a condition unworthy of its rank. The Papacy was not—as had been stated—the enemy of Italy. History recorded in indelible characters the fact that it had always been actuated by sovereign benevolence towards the Italian Peninsula, as proved by the researches of learned men. From historical study it would be found that all that was designated good in the social order was reconcilable with the Papacy, and that, in fact, true civilisation derived therefrom increased vitality and strength." He then launched forth into the usual bitter denunciation of those who had "struck a blow at the Church in the person of her chief by depriving him of his power, while giving him illusory guarantees, and robbing Italy of the treasure of Faith. . . . It was the duty of all to openly show themselves Catholics, and to desire before all things that the Pope should be restored to that condition of liberty and independence which was his due." Loud shouts of *Viva il Papa* were raised on the appearance of the Pope and on his quitting the church, but it is worthy of note that one enthusiast, who shouted "Down with Humbert," was quickly turned out by the Papal gendarmes. The Italians are still increasing their navy, and seven new vessels, two of the *Italia* type, are soon to be placed on the stocks.

In TURKEY Lord Dufferin appears to have been cordially received by the Sultan, though, as the audience was strictly private, nothing is known of what actually transpired. The controversy respecting the Commercial Treaties still continues, but it is stated that Lord Dufferin has accepted the eight per cent. *ad valorem* duty, but desires a guarantee from the Porte that this duty will be permanent until the conclusion of a new Treaty. The Mayor of Pera, Blaque Bey, has been arrested for inviting the Russian Ambassador to his villa on the Bosphorus, whence the latter could sketch the defences of the Black Sea entrance.

The BALKAN STATES are still in an uneasy condition. The King of SERBIA has solved the question of the coming conflict with the Radical Deputies by suddenly dissolving the Skuptschina. The new Premier, M. Christics, is known as the "man with the iron hand," and has thus lost no time in justifying his reputation. The Railway Convention will now simply be ratified by the Serbian Cabinet, instead of the Skuptschina. The new military law, rendering all Servians liable to military service between the ages of twenty and fifty, has been promulgated. In BULGARIA the Sobranje has been opened, and M. Zankoff has read the programme of the new Cabinet, in which he announced that his Ministry would place the laws of the country in harmony with the principles of the restored Constitution. The Deputies lost no time in getting to work, and at once passed the Railway Convention and the Convention with Russia respecting the indemnity, and have since been discussing the amendments to the Tirnova Constitution. In ROUMANIA King Charles has formally opened the new Palace at Sinaia, and in his speech stated that he had erected the Palace as a sign that the dynasty had taken deep root in Roumania, and to afford his people a proof of his boundless confidence in the country's future.

In RUSSIA the funeral of the novelist Tourgenieff took place on Tuesday, at St. Petersburg, with great pomp and ceremony. The coffin was met at the railway station by an enormous gathering of mourners, amongst whom were 176 deputations from learned associations, territorial assemblies, newspapers and magazines, schools, and in fact from every class of society. The service was performed by the Archimandrite of the Alexander Nevsky Monastery, and speeches were made over the grave by M. Beketoff, the Rector of the University of St. Petersburg, and M. Grigorevitch, a well-known author, who, even before Tourgenieff, called attention to the necessity of abolishing serfdom. The poet Plestchajeff, once a Siberian exile, also read a few verses. No disturbance whatever occurred, and such popular honours have never before been rendered to any non-official Russian.—Turning to political circles, there are the same old stories of police severity and Nihilist intrigues. The Nihilists are now stated to have condemned the Czar to death.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from SWITZERLAND that the Giesbach Hotel has been burnt down.—In GERMANY the great topic is the arrest and impeachment for High Treason of M. Antoine, the French-speaking Deputy for Metz, who has long been distinguished for his violent Gallic sympathies.—In HOLLAND an Income Tax Bill has been introduced.—In BELGIUM the funeral of Cardinal Deschamps has taken place at Mechlin.—In NORWAY the trial of the impeached Ministers of Christiania has been adjourned. The missing Danish Polar steamer, *Dijmphna*, has arrived at Vardoe.—In EGYPT the Khédive has issued an amnesty to all concerned in recent outrages, murderers excepted. The news from the Soudan is good, and Hicks Pasha is now advancing with 10,000 men upon Obeid.—From CHINA there is nothing new. The hostile feeling against the foreigners continues, but no disturbances are recorded.—In AUSTRALIA the New South Wales Parliament was opened on Tuesday; fresh Bills were announced regulating the sale and occupation of public lands, and dealing with the law of libel, contempt of Court, local government, the regulation of the Civil Service, and the amendment of the Bankruptcy laws. The Governor also announced that a Conference would be held in Sydney at the end of November to consider the great questions of federation and annexation.



THE QUEEN will return to the South for the winter in about a month's time. Meanwhile there has been some change in the Royal circle at Balmoral, Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Albany having left, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have arrived on a farewell visit before their departure for India. During the last week Her Majesty and the Royal Family have made numerous excursions round Balmoral, and have driven to the Derry, the Glassall Shiel, and Castleton, the ex-Empress Eugénie frequently joining the party. On Sunday the Rev. Principal Tulloch officiated at Divine Service in the morning, when Her Majesty and the Princes and Princesses were present. In the afternoon all the Royal party drove to Abergeldie to see the ex-Empress Eugénie.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected home from Denmark next Tuesday, crossing from Flushing in the *Osborne*. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor have made a brief trip into Sweden, with the Danish Princes, for a hunting excursion on Count Tornerhjelm's estate.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will probably arrive about the 25th inst. from Coburg, where they have now removed with their family from their summer home at Rosenau. Princess Christian has returned to Windsor, where she will shortly be joined by the Prince and daughters from Germany. The Princess Louise is expected from Canada on November 5th. The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne leave Quebec in the *Sardinian* on the 27th inst., and will be welcomed at Liverpool by the Dukes of Edinburgh and Albany. The Duke and Duchess of Albany have stopped in Yorkshire on their way from Scotland to attend the Leeds Musical Festival, of which the Duke is

President. They have stayed with Mr. Ayscough Fawkes at Farnley Hall, Otley, and have come into Leeds on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday for the concerts, lunching each day with the Mayor at the Town Hall. On Monday they go to Huddersfield, where the Duke receives an address from the West Yorkshire Freemasons.

After a long absence on the Continent for the Princess's health, Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband have returned to Hampton Court Palace.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is expected home at Farnborough to day (Saturday), from Abergeldie, where she has been the Queen's guest for a short time.



IN CONSEQUENCE of the illness of the Bishop of Ely the Diocesan Conference, which had been fixed for the 19th, has now been adjourned *sine die*.

A MEETING in aid of the Close Memorial Middle-Class Schools at Cheltenham was held on the 5th at the Great Western Hotel, Reading, under the presidency of Bishop Perry. 7,750s. have been already subscribed, and a site selected, but not yet secured. Speeches in favour of the scheme were made by Canons Hoare and Geikie.

THE RESTORED CHURCH OF ST. MARY, BEXLEY, was reopened last Monday by the Archbishop. The first church on the spot is said to have been erected by Archbishop Wulfrid, A.D. 832. Among the gorgeous adornments of the restored edifice are a "Camden Memorial" window, and a King's Window, with figures of David and Hezekiah, the gift of Mrs. Spottiswoode, *in memoriam* of the late President of the Royal Society.

ANOTHER SCANDALOUS SCENE occurred last Sunday at St. Jude's, West Derby, where Mr. Fitzroy, regardless of Lord Penance's sentence of suspension, defies alike the Chancery Court of York and the remonstrances of the curate in charge and the people's warden. His first appearance was for the now discontinued early celebration, when he had the bells rung and began to read the service from his stall, the curate and two policemen taking up a position within the altar-rails. Prevented thus from administering the Eucharist, Mr. Fitzroy solemnly forbade the congregation to communicate, and promised to return at 11 A.M., when his enemies, if they chose, might hand him over to the police. The churchwarden sent for Archdeacon Bardsley, but while that gentleman was consulting with him in the vestry, and before the choir had entered the church, Mr. Fitzroy again began to read, and refused to stop. With some difficulty the church was cleared, and Mr. Fitzroy taken to the vestry in a state of wild excitement. The presence of his wife and the Archdeacon in a cab, which was called to take him home, saved him from some rough usage by the mob. He has since written to Bishop Ryle a lengthy letter, explaining what he believes to be his legal position.

POPULAR FEELING in many parts of Neuchâtel continues to manifest itself in loud demands for the expulsion of the Salvationists, and fears were entertained by our Consul that an open-air meeting held last Sunday might lead to an indiscriminate attack on English residents. The fears, however, were quite groundless, and the meeting ended in perfect order.—At home, the "Army" has been chiefly conspicuous for a free fight in the Irish quarter of Birkenhead, and for some very creditable charges brought against some of its individual members. "Better be talked about unfavourably than not talked about at all" is said to be the General's motto in his system of noisy processions and obstruction.

CANON NICHOLAS DONNELLY has been appointed by the Pope Coadjutor Bishop to Cardinal McCabe. He will take the title of Bishop of Canea *in partibus*.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday. They have brought with them two movable iron tabernacles to be used in districts where there are no halls suitable for their services.

THE REMAINS OF THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS, who died at Claremont in November, 1857, have been removed from the vault beneath the church of St. Charles Borromeo, Weybridge, the resting-place till 1876 of so many of the Orleans family, to a mortuary chapel close by, erected at a cost of 1,000l. The interesting ceremony was of a private character, and was attended only by the Duc de Nemours and his youngest son. All the other bodies were removed in 1876 to France.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION met this week at Sheffield. The opening address was delivered by the President, the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, of Airedale College, Bradford.



LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Our general observations on the character and progress of this great music meeting must, for evident reasons, be deferred until our next number. Meanwhile, we may safely say that the results are likely to benefit in a large measure both the Festival and the Leeds Medical Charities, to which it has hitherto so handsomely contributed. It may also be added that, judging from opinions gathered at the full choral and orchestral rehearsals, on Monday and Tuesday, all the new compositions were found more or less acceptable, and the remainder of the programme in every respect satisfactory. Messrs. Alfred Cellier and Joseph Barnby directed the rehearsals of their own works; Raff's "Symphony-Oratorio" and all the rest devolving upon Sir Arthur Sullivan, at whose side sat Sir George Macfarren during the trial of *King David*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—These always popular entertainments, which bring so many genuine amateurs week after week from London, and the periodical return of which, in the autumn, is invariably looked forward to with such pleasurable interest, commence their twenty-eighth season this afternoon, under the direction of Mr. August Manns (who else could take his place?), with a programme in which novelty and recognised excellence are happily combined. The chief novelties are a new pianoforte concerto in D (Op. 3), by Dvorák, the composer now so much in vogue, and Berlioz's overture to *King Lear*, a puzzle for ordinary amateurs, but welcome, nevertheless, just now, for reasons easy to fathom. The first piece in the selection is the brilliant "Jubilee" overture of Weber. Mr. Oscar Beringer, whose rare skill must unanimously be admired, is the pianist. The symphony is the exuberantly animated No. 4 (B flat) of Beethoven. There will be no "solo" in the absolute sense of the term, but some well-chosen vocal music, to be sung by Mrs. Hutchinson. The general scheme of the season will be shortly reviewed in our notice of this concert eight days hence.

WAIFS.—Now that Mr. Mapleson has shipped his large commodity of vocalists, with Signor Arditi and other necessary officials

connected with his establishment; now that Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Sembrich, Trebelli, &c., are already embarked, to be followed by Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and last, not least, Adelina Patti, the ocean which separates our shores from those of North America bears a freight of living souls for which the artistic world must naturally hold it responsible. The Atlantic, however, with rare exceptions, has shown itself more or less propitious to the various tribes of migratory singing birds, and, both in fair weather and foul, has extended to them its protecting arms. Let us hope for a continuation of this comforting and trust-inspiring leniency, and that a "calm sea and prosperous voyage," such as that set forth in Goethe's poem, and musically illustrated by Mendelssohn in his enchanting overture, may await them one and all, to and fro.—Señor Gayarre, Mr. Gye's ewhile Spanish tenor, if we may believe the Continental papers, though repeatedly offered engagements from various towns and cities, appears to find some difficulty in making up his mind as to which he will prefer. The latest report is that he has accepted a six nights' engagement at Saragossa.—Anton Rubinstein's "Biblical drama," *The Tower of Babel*, is to be performed by the Dresden Neustädter Vocal Association early in the ensuing month. It is to be hoped that the Saxon choral singers may not draw down upon themselves the anathema of the easily-disturbed Moldavian pianist, as happened when the work (so significant of its title) was produced at the Crystal Palace, under the personal direction of its composer.—Our gifted and promising young countryman, Mr. Eugene D'Albert, is making a concert tour in Germany, which commenced at Brunswick on the 30th of last month.—Coburg is once again endowed with an operatic company, which was "inaugurated" on the 30th prox., the opera selected being Gounod's *Faust*. Saxe Coburg without a theatre for the lyric drama is not to be tolerated.—The chorus from Milan, intended for the Paris Italian Opera, will reach the French capital next month. How the Italians allow themselves to be deprived of their best and most experienced vocal operatic supernumeraries can only be explained by themselves.—The opera *Sigurd*, by the French critic of the *Journal des Débats*, M. Reyser, is a medley of the Icelandic *Sagas*, and the chivalric *Nibelungen*. The book is by M. du Locle, who preceded M. Carvalho as manager of the Opéra Comique, and wrote the libretto for Verdi's Egyptian opera, *Aida*. There is a good deal in the last two acts which concerns itself with the personages and incidents of *Götterdämmerung*; so that Richard Wagner will have to look out for his laurels.—A Grand Festival, the profits of which are to form the nucleus of a fund towards the erection of a fitting monument to Beethoven, is contemplated, and actively promoted in Berlin.



THEATRES

THE new five-act romantic drama by Messrs. G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, brought out at the ADELPHI Theatre on Saturday evening with the title of *In the Ranks*, can hardly be said to maintain the traditions of this established home of romantic and domestic drama; for it not only neglects to transport the entire *dramatis personæ* from England to the wilds of Mexico or Australia in the third act, but fails to fulfil the long-cherished rule that a scene of pathetic interest must invariably be followed by another scene in which two comic personages are permitted the fullest licence of Cockney humour. But the truth is that even the simple class of playgoers who particularly delight in melodrama now demand something less obviously artificial. They take pleasure, no doubt, in scenes that harrow and excite; but with these they must have a story which awakens curiosity and interest, and this story must not loiter for the sake of mere incidentals, but must steadily progress towards a happy *dénouement*. These modern conditions, at least, the authors of *In the Ranks* have skillfully fulfilled. Their main thread of story, it is true, is not particularly new. It is, in truth, the old tale of the honest worthy hero persecuted by a designing villain, partly from a desire to possess himself of the honest hero's place in the affections of a wealthy protector, and partly to gratify an unholly craving to possess himself of his victim's faithful and estimable wife. But there is, nevertheless, a good deal of freshness in the setting-forth of the story. Mr. Sims (for we can hardly be mistaken in tracing here the hand of the author of *The Lights of London*) has taken advantage of the circumstance that his hero enlists in the army in order to introduce scenes and character-sketches which naturally arise out of the experiences incidental to a young soldier's life. Thus we have a Kentish village scene, painted with much skill by Mr. Hann, and built up with a true eye to the picturesque, wherein all the incidents of recruiting are set forth with much minuteness, and in a fashion which leaves a strong impression of their fidelity. Mr. B. Smith's scenes representing the barrack-yard of the Scots Guards, and again the guard-room of the same building, furnish the background for other incidents wherein, by many dexterous touches of humour, truth, and pathos, the daily life of a soldier is brought vividly before the eyes of the audience. Meanwhile, the story of the persecutions of Ned Drayton and his young wife, Ruth Herrick, is constantly moving—from the time of the hero's accidental implication in a poaching expedition, and attempted murder in the woods, down to his escape from the guard-room, and arrival at the humble lodgings just in time to rescue his wife from the murderous designs of a returned convict, and to overthrow finally the machinations of his indefatigable enemy. In all this there is of course a good deal which will not bear examination by a critical eye; but the play unquestionably pleases; and we may add that its tone is, from the point of good feeling and sound morals, absolutely unexceptionable—as indeed may, to the credit of the stage and its patrons, be said to be the case with nearly all romantic dramas of a really popular character. The Messrs. Gatti have recruited (the term is specially appropriate to the occasion) a very efficient company. If Mr. Charles Warner's manly breast is apt too constantly to swell with ardent love or honest indignation, or his attitudes to betray a too watchful care for grace of deportment and picturesqueness of outline, he is at least a very spirited, and, withal, a very acceptable representative of energetic young heroes. In like manner, though Miss Isabel Bateman may betray an excess of simplicity and a certain lack of force, she is very pretty and pleasing in the part of Mrs. Drayton, and contrives to arouse much sympathy for her distresses. In the thankless part of the scoundrel, Gideon Blake, Mr. Beveridge wins that highest of compliments which a gallery or pit can pay under such circumstances; we refer to those hisses and howls of execration—obviously directed, not to his art, but to the villainy that he has too successfully depicted, which greet him on his appearance before the curtain. Of the humorous personages, decidedly the best are the village lout who turns soldier, played by Mr. Garden, and the two types of elderly women, represented respectively with abundant force and humour by Mrs. H. Leigh and Miss Harriet Coveney. Mr. John Ryder, as a testy but good-natured old colonel; Mr. John Beauchamp, as a desperate convict; Miss Mary Korko, as the sister of the heroine, and other performers, also contributed efficient service in securing the unquestionable triumph of the authors. The fears which have been expressed in some quarters that Mr.

Burnand's new extravaganza at the GAIETY was about to inflict an outrage upon Shakespeare hardly second to the recent abortive schemes for disturbing the poet's bones, in defiance of his express injunction, have happily not been realised. *Ariel*, which was produced on Monday evening with the full strength of the Gaiety company minus Mr. Edward Terry, who is away on a provincial tour, adopts the main features of the story of Prospero's enchanted isle, and introduces most of the characters of *The Tempest* somewhat in the burlesque writer's vein of humorous perversion. Yet there is little, after all, of the spirit of parody. The poet's lines are respected, and there is a commendable absence of the coarse buffoonery which has too often found favour with the patrons of this class of entertainment since the late Mr. Planché's honoured sway began to wane. Certainly the most unexpected result was the general slowness that pervaded the entertainment, apart from its brilliant and really very remarkable scenic effects. Many lines, it is true, of dialogue, and some songs, might tempt one to exclaim, "But *Burnandus aut Diabolus*," but the general effect was certainly less exhilarating than Mr. Burnand's extravaganzas are wont to be. Miss E. Farren's Ariel, however, with her sprightly grace and airy tricks, and above all, with her brilliant sparks of electric light upon her outstretched golden wings, went far to atone for shortcomings—or even more than atoned for them in the eyes of a considerable section of the audience, who applauded vociferously, and more than once insisted upon seeing the author in his own proper person on the Gaiety stage. *Ariel* will probably gain in spirit and briskness by repetition; and, notwithstanding the partial disappointment of "first nighters," is not unlikely to prove a decided success.

We have received the following note from Mr. Clement Scott:—"Mr. Sydney Grundy having publicly challenged me to deny that I am one of two gentlemen who, combining the incompatible functions of dramatic critic and private 'taster' of manuscript plays, read the manuscript of his comedy, *The Glass of Fashion*, without his authority; and strongly recommended a certain manager not to produce it, I shall be glad if you will allow me to give a simple reply. My answer is that I have never seen one of his plays in MS. in my life, that I have been consulted by no manager whatever as to the value or worthlessness of Mr. Grundy's work, that I have far too much to do to attend to the business of theatrical managers as well as my own, and that I knew nothing whatever about *The Glass of Fashion* until I saw it at the Globe Theatre. I had not even read the provincial criticisms about it."

The title of the new comedy in four acts in preparation at the St. James's Theatre is *Young Folks' Ways*. It is the joint production of Mrs. Burnett and Mr. W. H. Gillette, and is founded on a story by the former author called "Esmeralda." Saturday next is the day fixed for its production.

The Silver King, at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, reached on Thursday its 250th representation. The occasion was marked by the revival of Mr. H. A. Jones's pretty little drama entitled *A Clerical Error*, which now happily replaces a senseless and rowdy farce which formerly formed the introductory piece of the evening's entertainment. In *A Clerical Error* Mr. Walter Speakman, who plays with so much quiet force the part of Baxter, the detective, in *The Silver King*, assumes, we believe for the first time, the part of the Rev. Richard Capel, the good-natured country rector, whose mistake of imagining that his young ward loved him enough to become his wife gives its title to the piece. Mr. Speakman acted with force and pathos, though hampered by very indifferent support, save in the case of Mr. George Barrett, who enacted with much humour the part of the crusty and wine-bibbing butler. That admirable melodrama, *The Silver King*, continues to draw large and enthusiastic audiences.

The production of the new romantic drama by Messrs. Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris, at DRURY LANE Theatre, has, after several postponements, been finally fixed for Monday evening next. A breakdown of the machinery employed in working a ship scene is stated to have occasioned the last postponement.

Mr. Toole will return to town early in December. The winter season will then commence at his theatre with *Stage Dora* and other entertainments.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION

EVERY year brings more recruits into the ranks of amateur photographers, as well as a marked improvement in the various mechanical and chemical photographic processes, and consequently this annual Exhibition of both amateur and professional work becomes of increasing interest and value. There is much advance this year in the quality of the works exhibited—in particular, from an artistic point of view. More pains have evidently been taken to make a harmonious and complete picture of the subject portrayed, and to avoid a mere crude reproduction of a portion of a view which seems attractive at the time when seen with all its surroundings, but which loses all its charms when it stands apart from them on its own merits. In figure composition subjects this improvement is especially noticeable, and Mr. Adam Diston, whose picture, entitled "Gloaming," we praised last year, has certainly made great strides in Art photography with his "Industry," "After the Storm," and "The Poor of the Village." Both from the standpoint of Art composition and execution these little pictures are photographic gems, and in the first-named, which represents an old lady knitting, he has obtained an admirable Rembrandtish effect. Of the other figure subjects perhaps we cannot speak so highly. Mr. Lyddell Sawyer, Mr. H. P. Robinson, Mr. E. Berry, and others, have some fairly well composed groups, but they are for the most part far too stiff, and the models are manifestly conscious of having their portraits taken. It is here that the artist has the better of the photographer, as he can soften down that rigidity of the muscles which so frequently mars the artistic effect of a photograph. Animal photographs form a larger proportion than usual of the exhibits, and Mr. T. J. Dixon is far beyond his compeers in his really splendid portraits of various inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens. His enlarged "Tiger's Head," his "Puma and Leopard," and his "Red Deer," are exceptionally good. There is also a very fair show of marine subjects. Messrs. G. West and Co. have some fine views of yachts, Mr. Henry J. Godbold sends a spirited "Storm at Hastings," and Mr. W. P. Marsh a startling wave effect in his "High Tide at Bognor," but the palm in this class of subjects is carried off by Mr. W. Mayland in his "Sea Studies," one of which, "There is a Sorrow on the Sea," has been finely enlarged by the Autotype Company. In landscapes Mr. William England, Mr. H. Mansfield, Mr. W. Muller, and Mr. Donkin have some excellent Swiss mountain views, Lieut. C. E. Gladstone, R.N., some Irish scenes admirably printed in platinotype, Messrs. Perkins and Sons some good views in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Vernon Heath some grand "Rocks in South Wales." Of architectural subjects there is as usual a great paucity, though a brilliant exception is made by Mr. E. H. Griffiths in his views of the Alhambra and Casa Pilatos at Seville. There are a few good flower subjects; noteworthy some panels for decorative purposes by Mr. Fred Hollyer. Of instantaneous photographs there are some capital pictures of leaping horses and vaulting acrobats shown by Mr. A. Lugardon, and some interesting views from the top of an omnibus in London by Mr. W. Cobb, while we must not omit three photographs of scientific interest—an iceberg taken from a steamer in the Atlantic by Mr. F. Barlow, the interior of a Dene's Hole, taken by oxy-magnesium light, by Mr. Arnold Spiller, and a photograph of the Great Nebula in Orion, by Mr. A. Common.

Altogether the Exhibition is well representative of the great advance which has been made during recent years in both the art and science of photography.



LORD COLERIDGE has reached New York from Louisville, and was to be entertained on Thursday by the State Bar Association in the Academy of Music. The Reception Committee includes forty-two Judges and ex-Judges. Mr. Evarts will make a speech of welcome.

THE CONVICT GOULDSTONE will be removed to Broadmoor Prison as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed. The sentence of death will, therefore, not be carried out. The news was communicated to him on Wednesday, and received with feelings of deep gratitude.

T. WEBB, the suspected leader in many of the recent burglaries, has been committed for trial. His companion, Mary Webb, was discharged.

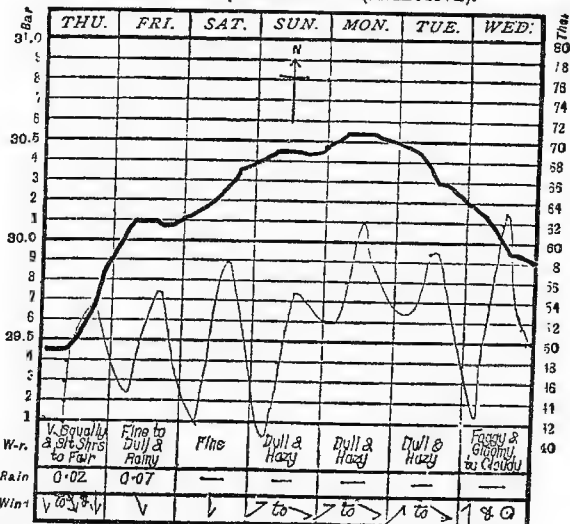
THE INQUIRY into the capsizing of the *Austral*, while coaling at her moorings in Sydney Harbour, ended last Saturday after much learned talk on curves of stability, and angles of inclination, in a judgment that the disaster had arisen from "a series of small mistakes." The *Austral* was a stable ship, but when heeled over did not right rapidly at first, and had once before been very nearly capsized by taking in weight on one side without any compensating weight being added on the other. Notwithstanding this experience, the captain left the superintendence of the coaling after an hour or two to the chief officer, and the chief officer to a watchman, and so the *Austral* was over-set with the loss of five of her crew. Having regard, however, to the high character of her officers, gentle Mr. Rothery would not meddle with their certificates.

THE ASCENDING BANK MANAGERS have both been arrested—Mr. Borgan, of the Union Bank of Birmingham, at Havre, where he had taken a passage for Monte Video on board the steamer *Uruguay*, and Thomas Warden, the defaulting secretary of the London and River Plate Bank, at the house of his sister, near the Regent's Park, where he had taken refuge, after hiding a week upon the Continent. The extradition of Borgan cannot be effected under a week. Warden, whose robbery of securities, deposited with the Bank for greater safety, amounts to about 100,000*l.*, was brought up at the Guildhall on Tuesday for a preliminary examination, and remanded a week. A very important legal question has arisen as to the liability of the Bank to make good the losses of the depositors.

AN UNUSUALLY TURBULENT SPECIMEN of the pugilistic parson has sorely scandalised the Bench at Epsom. This gentleman, the Rev. Gerald Hay, of Ockley, had long been at feud with a Mr. A. R. Jackson, a solicitor, and at length went to Sutton "to punish his impertinence." This he seems to have done to some purpose in an encounter which he describes in a letter to a relation of the prosecutor with something of the boyish glee—"Eton over again"—of the Marquis of Castlewood, in Bulwer's "Caxtons." This done, he went to hear the Primate preach at the Church Congress. Unfortunately for Mr. Hay, his adversary had recourse to the law, and as a summons was contemptuously disregarded, the magistrates have issued a warrant for his apprehension.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

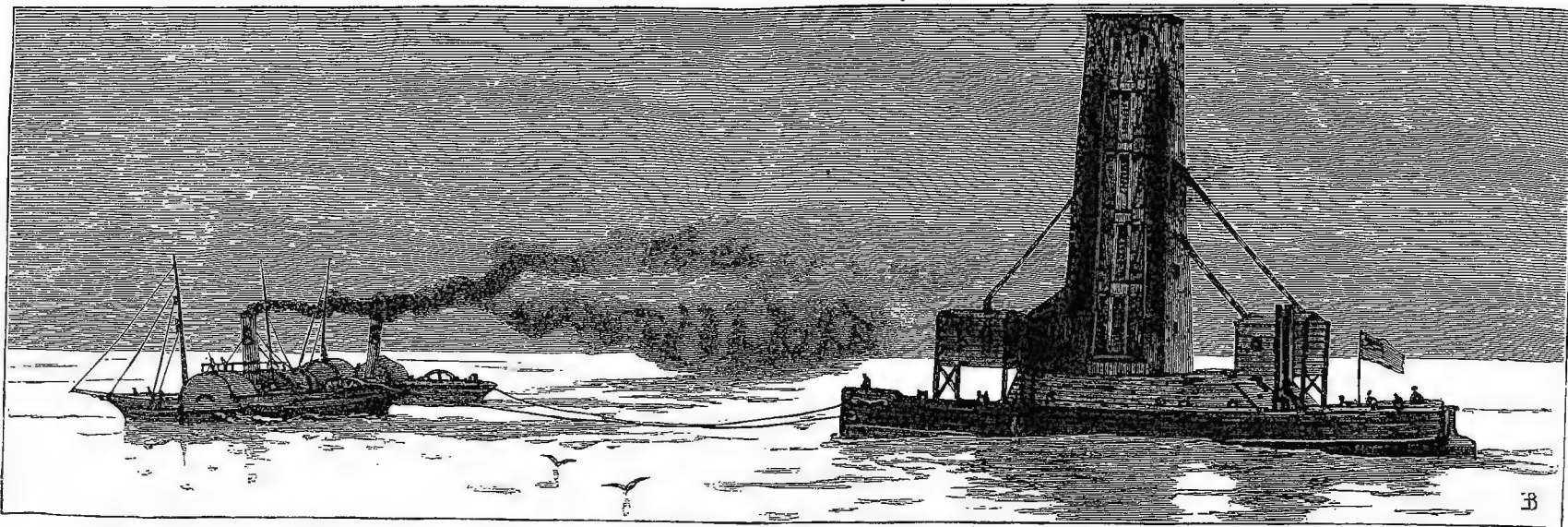
FROM OCT. 4 TO OCT. 10 (INCLUSIVE).



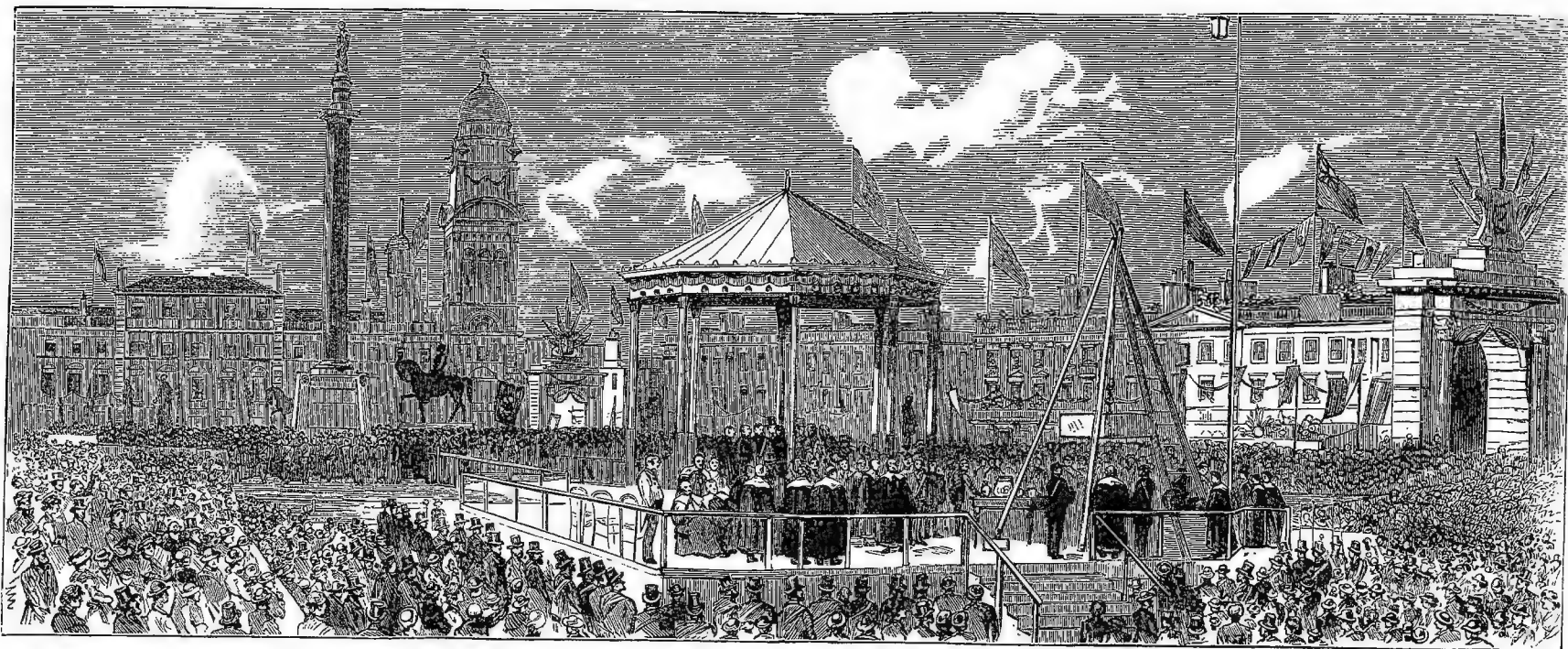
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the early part of this period was moderately fine, with a little rain, while the latter portion, although dry, has been very dull. Pressure increased most decidedly between Thursday (4th inst.) and Friday (5th inst.), after which it declined. At the commencement of the time the centre of a depression which had approached from the northward lay between Yarmouth and the Helder, and was attended by some rain and an increase in the wind to the force of a heavy gale. The next day, Friday (5th inst.) found that this disturbance had moved away in a south-easterly direction, and the rise in the barometer, which set in on the previous day, continuing, the resulting weather was fairly fine. Between Saturday (6th inst.) and Tuesday (9th inst.) an area of high pressure travelled from the west of Ireland to the north-east of France, and the weather experienced, excepting Saturday (6th inst.), which was fine, was dry, but the sky much overcast, with some haze. Wednesday's (10th inst.) chart showed that the anti-cyclone was breaking up, the barometer falling very generally. Temperature has increased decidedly during the latter part of the week. The barometer was highest (30.52 inches) on Monday (8th inst.); lowest (29.47 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range, 1.05 inches. Temperature was highest (65°) on Wednesday (10th inst.); lowest (41°) on Thursday (4th inst.) and Sunday (7th inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.09 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.07 inch, on Friday (5th inst.).

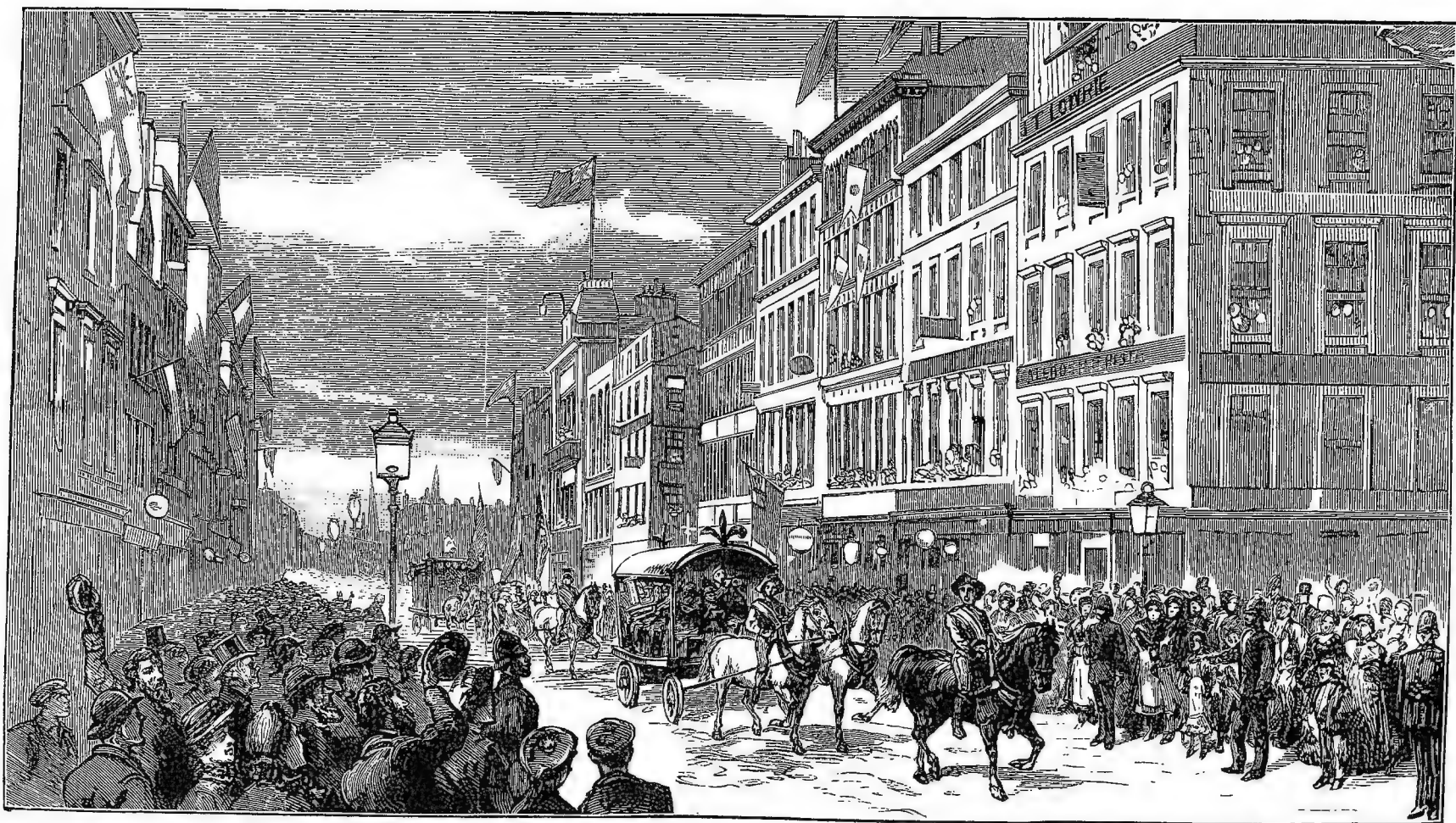
THE DESCENT OF MAN FROM A MONKEY has been discovered to be entirely erroneous by a German Professor, who, instead, traces the origin of humanity to bears. The Professor violently demolishes all previous theories on the subject, and thus states his case for believing the "noble short-tailed strong savage bear" to be man's forefather. "The earlier bears," he declares, "came down through Behring's Straits, and drifted towards the tropic shores of Asia on icebergs. The icebergs melted, and the bears easily found shelter on islands and on the coasts. In the course of ages big floods came, and the bears sought shelter in the caves. In the meantime great changes had been going on. The bear had been gradually shedding its heavy coat as the result of the warm climate. The bear had also learnt to walk on its hind legs. In the caves, in the dry warm atmosphere, other changes took place. The connecting link was a kind of indescribable man."



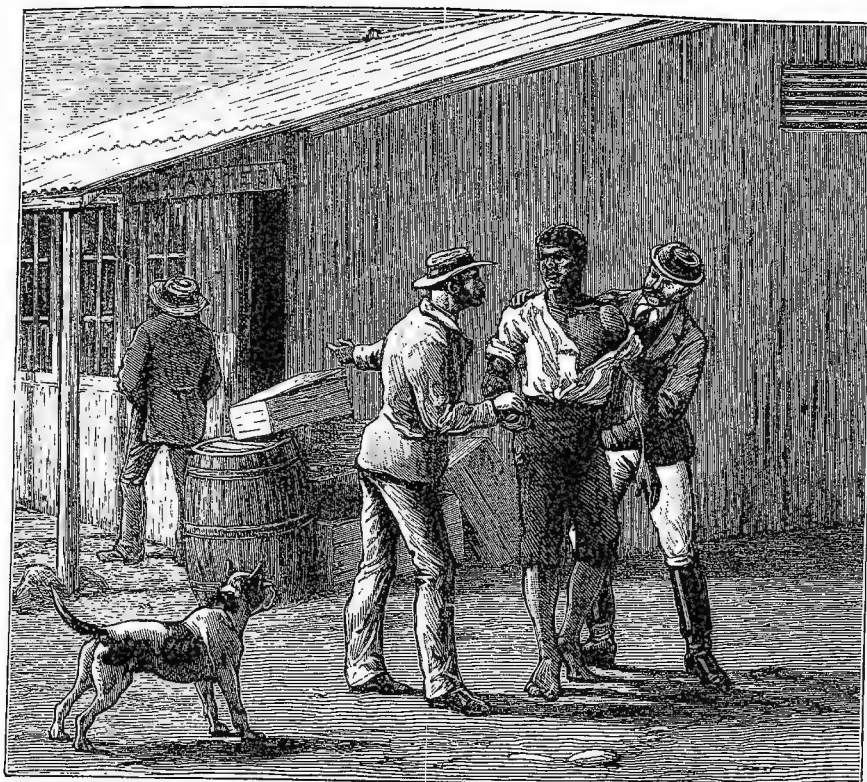
THE NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR, "INTERNATIONAL," BEING TOWED ACROSS THE NORTH SEA TO ANTWERP



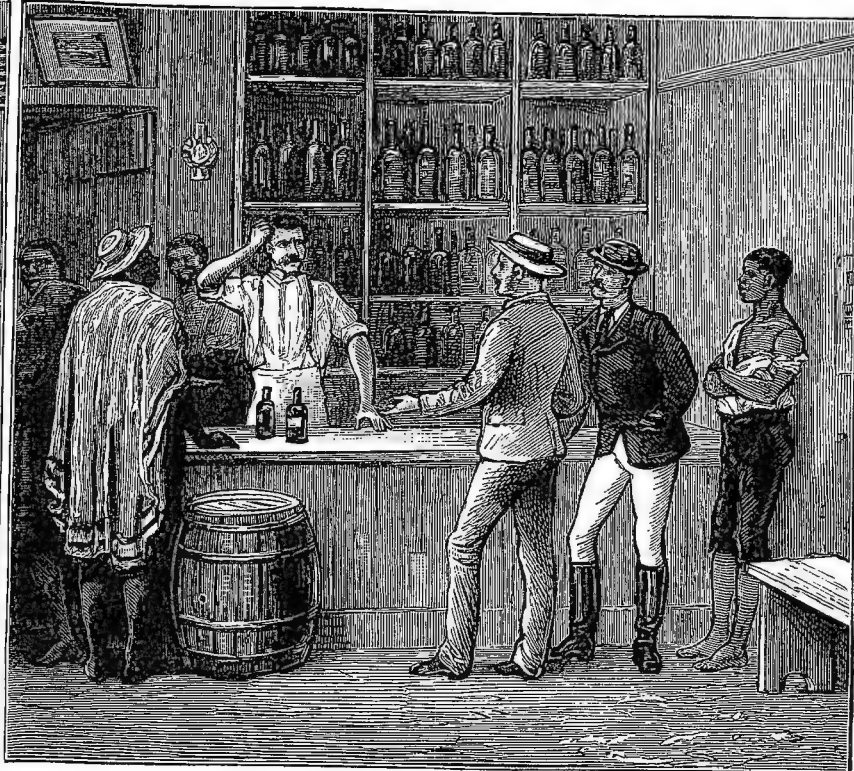
LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE



TRADES' PROCESSION ENTERING ARGYLL STREET FROM JAMAICA STREET
THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AT GLASGOW

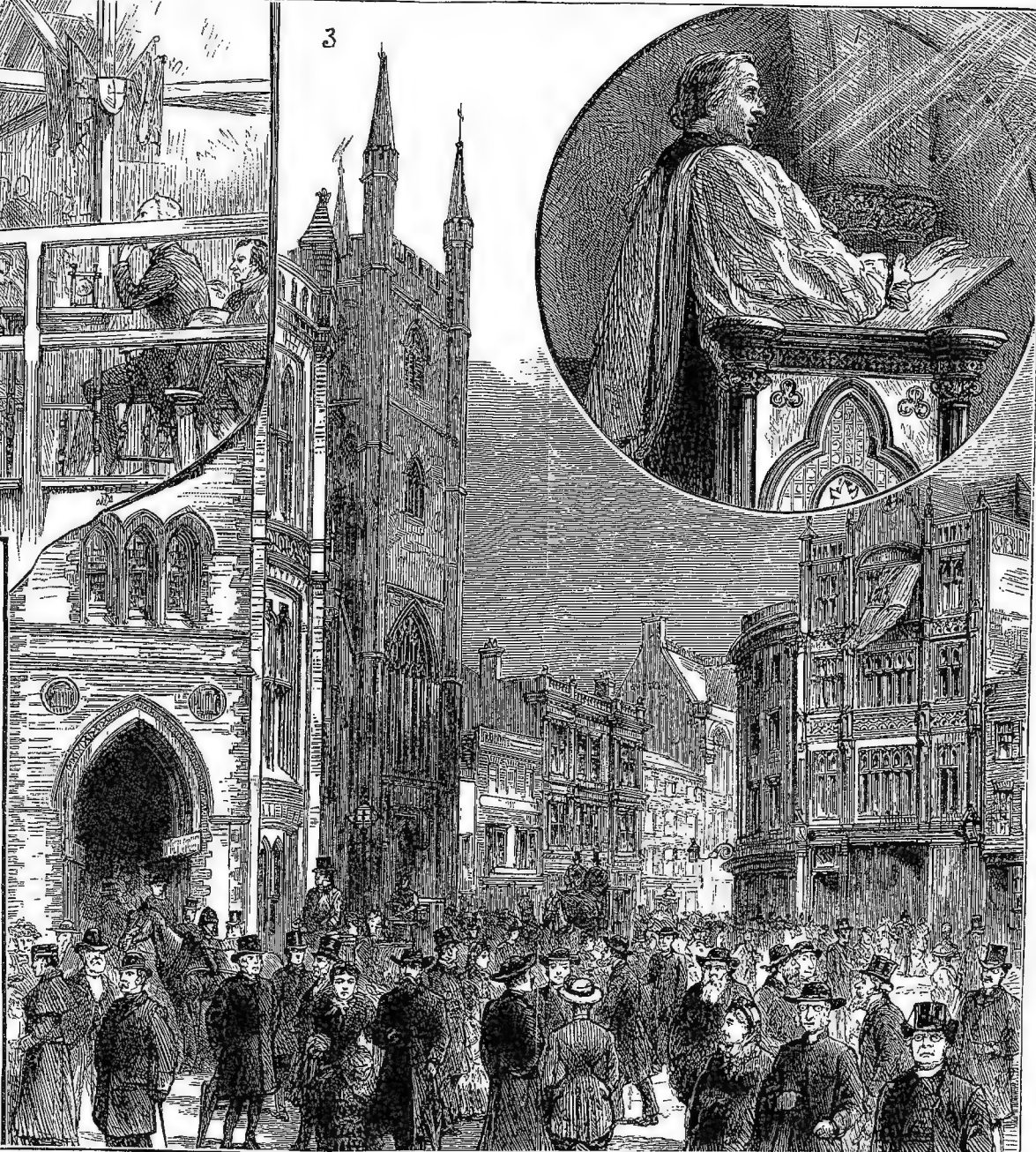


DETECTIVES SETTING A TRAP



TRAPPED

ILLCIT DIAMOND BUYING AT THE CAPE



SOME PHASES OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT READING

1. Orthodoxy: The Archbishop of Canterbury Preaching at St. Mary's.—2. The Bishop of Carlisle on "Evolution."—3. All Sorts and Conditions of (Clergy) Men.—4. Heterodoxy: Father Ignatius, O.S.B., at the Foresters' Hall.



THE TURF.—The Cesarewitch and the Middle Park Plate make the Second October Meeting at Newmarket one of the most important, and, weather permitting, as during the present week, one of the most enjoyable of the year. A large number of horses put in an appearance, and many of the events were of the most interesting character. Business began on Monday, when the old-fashioned Clearwell Stakes, which has now had the wind, so to speak, taken out of its sails by the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, came on for decision. Lord Falmouth, who of late years has almost "farmed" it, again won with Harvester, who seems to improve each time he runs. A Welter Handicap, which produced sixteen runners, was won by Galvanic, an 8 to 1 chance, who thus made up for her disappointment at Kempton. Tuesday was the Cesarewitch day, and twenty-two runners, being eight more than last year, came to the post. Mr. Peck's Hackness, who has been in the first rank of favourites for some weeks, started with the call of the field at 4 to 1, Don Juan next, at a point more, with Corrie Roy and Quicklime next, while Pharamond had supplanted his stable-companions, Sweetbread and Faugh-a-Ballagh. The Irish nags were very prominent in a great part of the race, Bendigo being the leader for nearly two miles, when he resigned to the other Patlander, Cosmos. At "The Bushes" Sachem, Lizzie, and Sweetbread for a few moments inspired their followers with hopes, but they soon died away, and the issue was plainly left to Don Juan, Hackness, and Cosmos, who, after a splendid race, especially between the two first-named, finished in the above order, Don Juan winning by a length. The result was fairly in accordance with the betting, though Corrie Roy made no show. Cosmos was backed at 20 to 1, and curiously enough his owner, the Duke of Hamilton, has supplied the third horse in the race on the three last occasions. Tonans, who ran fourth, was supported at 16 to 1. The owner of, and others connected with, Don Juan, have been very open with the public, and in many quarters the race was booked as the "deadest certainty" of recent years in the handicap department; but such a victory is, after all, by no means satisfactory from some points of view, as the winner had shown most wretched form during his career, and for a three-year-old, with only 5 st. 10 lb. on his back, to win the great handicap, is a performance of very little merit. Compare Robert the Devil's win in 1880, with 8 st. 6 lb. on his back, after he had won the Leger, and the heavier weight by a pound at which another three-year-old, Border Minstrel, was handicapped. Then again, Hackness, the ex-hunter and winner of last year's Cambridgeshire, is a five-year-old, and had only 7 st. 4 lb. to carry. The heavily-weighted horses made no show in the race, contrary to expectation of many good judges, and to the wishes of those who like to see good horses win big races. Really, it seems almost as profitable on the Turf to be the owner of a bad horse as of a good one, if you know how to manage and place them. Little Martin, who rode the winner, had 1,000/ promised him if he brought off the *coup*, and probably he has received it; but well-wishers to the Turf will consider such a reward as utterly out of place, and not conducive to any good result. Mr. Walton, the "American plunger," backed his own mare, Giroflé, to win, it is said, for over 100,000/; but she never suggested a hope of victory. Her owner, however, is said to be one of the biggest winners by Don Juan's success. Don Juan is backed for the Cambridgeshire, a fortnight hence, at 12 to 1, and Hackness, who meets him on much better terms, at a point less; but Medicus is firm at the head of the market at a trifle over 3 to 1, which, by the way, seems a ridiculous price to take about any horse in a race for which thirty or more animals will probably start. The Middle Park Plate on Wednesday brought out only seven runners, of whom Superba was naturally made favourite at evens, though she carried the extreme penalty. She did not get off very well, and made but little show in the race, which was won by Lord Falmouth's Busybody, who recently made such a striking *début*. Superba could only get fourth, which suggests that she must be a little off just now. Every one knows that she has been the most brilliant two-year-old performer of the season.

FOOTBALL.—There have been plenty of matches since our last Notes in all directions, and the game seems, if possible, to be increasing in popularity every season. In Association games, northwards, Dumbarton has beaten Vale of Leven, and the Glasgow Rangers Partick. The Blackburn Rovers, the holders of the Lancashire Cup, have beaten the Blackburn Olympic, the holders of the Football Association Cup; and Notts Club the Wednesday Old Athletic.—In Rugby games Moseley has beaten Leicester, Bradford Cleckheaton, and Richmond the Old Cheltonians.

SWIMMING.—William and Agnes Beckwith have arrived home from their nautical tour in America.

BICYCLING.—The Hundred Miles Professional Championship has been won by F. Lees, of Sheffield; Hawker, of Leicester (evidently a coming man), being second. Time—6 hours 36 min. 30 sec.

COURSING.—At the meeting of the South of England Club (Stockbridge), the Produce Stakes were divided between Mr. Stocken's brace, Suppliant and Subduer, and the Stockbridge Cup between Mr. Crosse's Common Sense and Mr. Hilliard's Hunting Horn.

AQUATICS.—From Australia we hear that Trickett, ex-champion sculler, has defeated W. Beach, and on the strength of this that his friends talk of matching him once more against Laycock.

TRICYCLING.—A successful trip through Switzerland on a "Sociable" Tricycle has just been accomplished by two ladies, one of whom has been an invalid for several years, and incapable of walking a mile.



THE SHOW OF GOATS AT ISLINGTON last week was very remarkable, and exhibited a great advance upon former years. The keeping of goats in England appears to be upon the increase, and the list of live stock published by the Government every autumn may soon come to be considered incomplete without the addition of the goat. The goats shown last week included not only a large number of very fine animals home-reared, but also exhibits of French, and even of Nubian breeds.

HEREFORD CATTLE have recently been fetching very high prices. When Mr. Turner retired from professional pedigree stock breeding, he sold his entire herd of 118 animals, obtaining for them the sum of 8,900/. An American headed the list of bidders, and 810 guineas was paid for a single animal. This herd was known as the "Lein," and a few days afterwards the "Chadnor Court" Herefords were sold. Ninety-one animals were sold, the mean price being over 77/ per head. The cows, heifers, and calves were eighty-four, and they averaged 76/ 13s. Twelve two-year-old heifers made an average of close upon 134/ each—a price, we believe, without precedent.

OCTOBER WHEAT SOWINGS should not be neglected by those farmers who mean to grow a good wheat area, and who remember how, last winter, week after week of unpropitious weather threw sowings over to the spring. The land is now in good condition for the seed, and weeds are not abundant. A change of seed is generally a good investment.

THE PRICE OF CORN, it must be owned, does not encourage sowings, and unless there is an improvement before the spring, there may be a diminished acreage of all the cereal crops. English wheat this year is of fair quality, good weight, and rather more free than usual from damp; and yet, last week, the 187 markets returned sales of 80,019 qrs. at 40s. 2d. per quarter. Farmers cannot go on growing wheat at this price; nor are they helped by barley, which is quoted at 34s.; or oats, which have fallen below a sovereign per quarter. The stocks of foreign wheat in hand are enormous—over 2,000,000/ value in London alone; but there is no extraordinary abundance of barley, oats, pulse, or Indian corn.

THE EAST SUFFOLK CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have passed a resolution that, as cattle disease is allowed to be imported from abroad, all restrictions of the home trade ought to be swept away, except the infliction of a heavy fine wherever affected animals are found travelling on the roadway. The local authority orders were warmly condemned, and the so-called "remedies" of the Privy Council were denounced as literally "worse than the disease." Farmers have evidently become restless under the harassing restrictions imposed, and there seems, indeed, cause for complaint when we hear of a farmer being summoned for turning his cattle across the highway into a field belonging to his own farm. The disease continues to rage in most parts of England, most virulently in the Eastern Counties, with least severity to the north of the Humber. There are still between eighty and ninety thousand animals affected, there being 30,000 in the two counties of Lincolnshire and Norfolk.

THE WARFARE OF PLANTS.—Farmers of pasture are having their attention increasingly drawn to the strife between various seeds in the meadow, and are discovering causes of one plant succeeding and another failing which but a few years ago were never dreamt of in circles agricultural. The shade of trees is found to make a great difference, while plants with bitter leaves which do not please the cattle have a fatal propensity to increase for the very reason that, while the more palatable herbage is eaten off before it comes to seed, the harsh-tasting plants are allowed to develop and to seed. Recent investigation have shown extraordinary "staying" powers

in *Triticum repens*, *Poa pratensis*, *Potentilla reptans*, so that if our meadows were totally neglected for a few years the numbers of these plants would probably be found to have increased prodigiously, at the expense, of course, of other varieties. The value of manure is almost as much in helping certain plants in their natural struggle as in general fertilising properties.

BLEAK SCOTLAND can apparently do some things over which the warmer South fails, for we hear from Drummond Castle that oak-leaved geraniums grow on the walls there four to seven feet high, with ample fresh foliage and many flowers. They flower freely late in the year, being in good bloom up to Michaelmas. The ivy-leaved geraniums also flourish, attaining a height of quite four feet.

ENSIAGE.—"Will ensilage keep?" is a question often asked by farmers. The answer is that so long as it is untouched it will keep well for at least a year. It is best to cut ensilage as wanted, and when used forthwith the forage is found in excellent order; it should be, however, cut vertically, instead of slicing it off from the top of the pit. Favourable experiments made in France by M. Cottu confirm the recent experiences of Lord Tollemahe in our own country.

THE DAIRY SHOW, recently held at Islington, was remarkable for the first prize offered for a sample of ensilage exhibited in competition. The recognition by the Dairy Farmers' Association of the value of ensilage for dairy cattle is a decided step forward, and it is a reproach to the Royal Agricultural Society that their journal, expressly established to chronicle agricultural progress, is about the one publication in the United Kingdom which has made no reference to the process of ensilage. The first prize went on this occasion to the Earl of Warwick, through his farm manager, Mr. Tough, who exhibited some very sound ensilage, of good colour and with the healthy appetising smell which renders the food attractive to cattle. Mr. Kirby also showed an excellent sample; and this gentleman states that his cows, fed on ensilage, give first-rate milk, making fine butter.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AGRICULTURAL SHOW has just been held under very disheartening circumstances. The prevalence of disease in Kent and Sussex necessitated the striking out of the Show of all classes of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and the Exhibition was accordingly restricted to horses, roots, butter, hops, implements, poultry, pigeons, and rabbits. The weather was not at all pleasant, cold rain being a deterrent to hundreds who had intended visiting the Show. The horses were a fine display, there being 100 shown, in eighteen classes. Mr. Stanford took the first prize for the best stallion; and other prize winners were Lord Abergavenny, Mr. Schenck, and Mr. Hutchen. The butter prizes were well competed for. The exhibits varied much in merit; but the winning samples were of undoubted excellence. The show of hops supplied "local colour" for the occasion, and they were very good, those sent by Mr. Noakes, of Lamberhurst, taking the prize. The jumping and driving competitions attracted a fair attendance.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A correspondent records a curious case of a rabbit attacking a hare. The hare having been started on high ground (it was between Lewes and Brighton), made its way through the hollow where the rabbits were gathered round their burrows. Happening to pass within a few yards of a group of three or four, the largest immediately dashed out and gripped the hind-quarters of the hare, which not unnaturally "gave vent to repeated screams."—The great grey shrike was observed the other day near Craik, in Fife.—An osprey has recently been shot at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire.—The short-eared owl arrived at our coasts this year on Sept. 11th, an early date for a winter arrival.—Interesting observations recently made appear to show that the perfect development of the butterfly largely depends on its health as a caterpillar, weakly *larvæ*, which yet have strength "to change," producing stunted and dwarfed *imagines*.

THE AYR BENEVOLENT SOCIETY extends its work all over England; but a correspondent who points out its weakness in the Northern Counties is quite justified in his remarks. The Society should endeavour to add to the members in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Scottish Border; for the present preponderance of Southern and Eastern County voters is so great that no distressed "Northern Farmer" would have much chance of being elected. The Ayr Benevolent Society still adheres to the electoral system, subscribers having votes according to the amount subscribed. Our correspondent sufficiently indicates one of the many evils of this plan in the jealousy aroused between different counties and different districts.

THE HORSES in the vans of the new Parcels Post continue to be noticed by various correspondents, one of whom takes us to task for complaining of the horses, when the fault should be found with "the cheeseparing economy of the Government." This gentleman's complaint seems somewhat inconsequential, for he never could have imagined that we regarded the horses as themselves to blame! His letter would not be worth noticing save for the specific allegation that the amount of money voted by the authorities for the Parcels Post Service in different districts is so small as to render the hire of good horses an impossibility. If this be really so, we have a definite mistake which can be remedied.

CORPULENCY.

"WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING over a few original testimonials recently received by Mr. F. C. RUSSELL, late of Connaught Chambers, High Holborn, London, whose remedy for the cure of CORPULENCY is now attracting so much attention; and really it would seem that ladies and gentlemen who have the misfortune to be uncomfortably stout need be so no longer. From these letters, which are evidently genuine and unsolicited, it appears that 3, 4, and 5 lbs. weekly reduction in weight is nothing unusual, and in some cases even 6 lbs. of superfluous fat have been removed IN THE COURSE OF ONE WEEK. This must surely be considered satisfactory even by the most exacting, when it is remembered that the remedy is purely vegetable, and contains nothing at all likely to injure the most delicate constitution. With regard to the general effect of this medicine upon the health, the writers of these letters are certainly unanimous. Whenever the subject is referred to, they one and all invariably speak with pleasure of the gradual disappearance of that feeling of oppression which is so common with stout persons, especially after meals; and what is also greatly in favour of Mr. RUSSELL'S preparation is the fact that besides being efficacious, it is extremely agreeable to take, having no unpleasant smell, or anything of the kind, making (as one lady suggests in her letter), a

'pleasant summer drink,' when largely diluted with water. After all, it is scarcely a hardship to be fat with such an agreeable antidote; it is not often we can smack our lips over our physic, and one is almost inclined to envy those who are under the necessity of taking it. But seriously speaking, we congratulate Mr. RUSSELL. CORPULENCY is an incubus, the full inconvenience of which none but those whom it oppresses can understand, and Mr. RUSSELL deserves the best thanks of those who have benefited by the remedy he is introducing with much evident success."

"WE NOTICE THAT THE SIMPLE RECIPE from which Mr. RUSSELL'S preparation is made is free to all who take the trouble to apply for it. We should think this arrangement is a rather too liberal one for Mr. RUSSELL'S interests, besides being open to the objection that the prescription compounded by inexperienced persons is likely to fail in its object. It is, however, perhaps, the best method to adopt for making the remedy widely known, and also for inspiring confidence in those who propose trying this treatment, as it clearly demonstrates the harmlessness of the preparation."—From the *MONMOUTH TELEGRAPH*.

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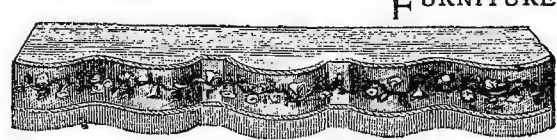
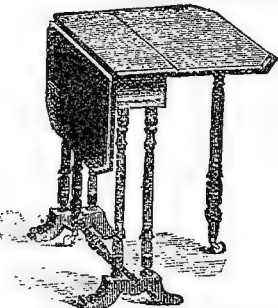
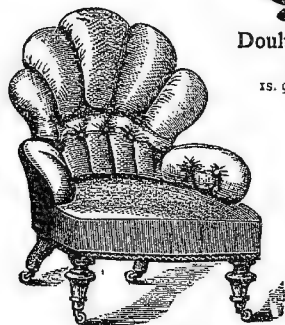
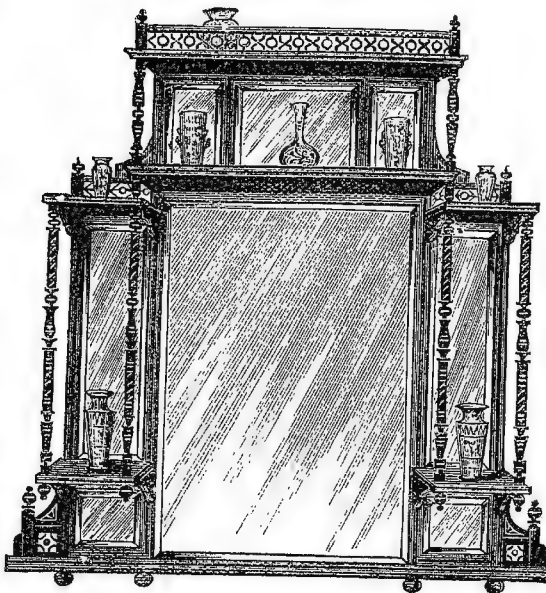
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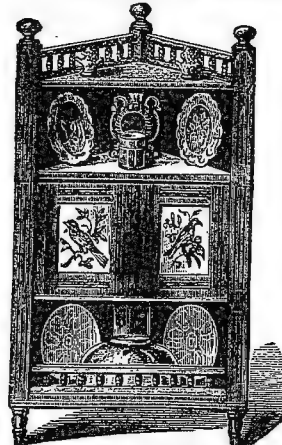
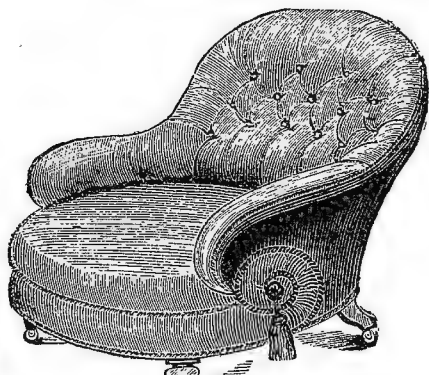
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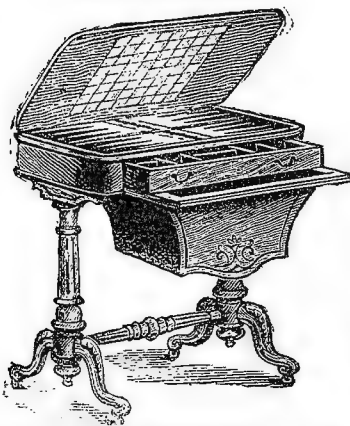
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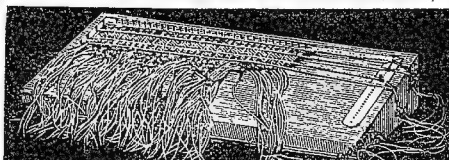
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She went on playing without noticing me.

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AUTHOR OF "MOLLE. DE MERSAG," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued)

THE *char-à-bancs* in which I found a place was filled with Nimrods who were all talking at once, and whose vociferous narratives of their several exploits enabled me to chew the cud of my own reflections unnoticed. Lady Constance had been pleased to signify to me that I had been guilty of presumption; but, for all that, I knew that her question had not been a careless one. Had she put it simply as a test of her ascendancy over me, or had she intended to hold out a genuine hope? Either way, it was humiliating enough that a mere covert suggestion should have so shaken my belief in my own strength of purpose, and more than once, on the way back to Franzenshöhe, I said to myself that it would be better to die and have done with it than to make so abject a surrender of one's will.

Mounting the broad staircase of the Legation, and entering my room in a pensive mood, I made out by the flickering firelight the outline of a human form reclining in my arm-chair; which form, upon closer investigation, proved, to my great surprise and pleasure, to be no other than that of George Warren.

There are moments at which the mere sight of a trusty friend is like a draught of cold water in the desert; and when George's big, bony hand grasped mine I felt, somehow, as if a little of his simple honesty and strength were finding its way into my own diseased mind, and making me feel like a man again.

"My dear old boy!" I exclaimed, "have you travelled all this distance to see me? You must have had a vision from Heaven, telling you to come!"

He replied, with his usual sober sense, "Oh, no; only I have been working rather hard of late, and I thought you wouldn't mind if I ended my Christmas holiday by a run over here."

"Mind! you stupid old fool, sit down, and let us eat, drink, and be merry. What would you like to have? Nothing? Well, then you shall have a brandy-and-soda, whether you like it or not, to drink your own health in. So you've been working hard, have you? And how is the study of the law getting on? Any briefs yet? If you only knew how delighted I am to see you!"

George seemed a little taken aback by the warmth of my welcome. He said he believed that he had a fairly good prospect of getting on in time, though he had not as yet had the satisfaction of pocketing a single fee. He hoped I was all right, and that I found the diplomatic service as pleasant as I had expected. When I had lighted the candles I saw that he was looking at me with a certain air of compunction and sheepishness, which I was at a loss to account for until it struck me that he might have undertaken this pilgrimage with the object of discovering how matters stood between me and Lady Constance. This surmise damped my spirits a little, but did not make me angry, as it would have done some months before. After all, the sooner my friends knew what must be known some day, the better. After something had been said about Thirlby and my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar—neither of us mentioned Maud—George, who was bending over the fire, remarked casually, "Lady Constance Milner is here, is she not?"

"Yes," I answered; "she is."

"Ah," said he; "so I understood." And then there was silence for a short time.

"Look here, George," I burst out at last, in desperation, "we may just as well speak plainly as to go on exchanging thoughts. Of course I know what you are saying to yourself, and it's all true. I have done exactly what you prophesied, and what I could have sworn that I should never do. I have fallen over head and ears in love with Lady Constance Milner, who doesn't care a snap of her fingers for me, and I have thrown over Maud Dennison, who—well, perhaps she may have been inclined to care a little for me at one time, though I hope it was not so. You are thinking that I am a vain, weak-minded ass, and something very like a perjurer into the bargain—"

"Indeed, Charley, I wasn't thinking all that of you," put in George, mildly.

"Never mind; you might have thought it, and been perfectly right. I think quite as badly of myself as any one else can think of me. All I have to say is that I can't help it."

"H'm!—no; I suppose you can't help it," agreed George, thoughtfully; "I don't see how anybody is to help visitations of this sort. No man would expose himself to the worry and misery of falling in love with a woman who didn't care for him, if he could by any means avoid doing so."

I had not expected to meet with so much clemency. "You would have helped it," I sighed; "you would have had the wisdom to retire when she gave you the chance, instead of provoking her into showing you her power. Do you know that at Naples she actually warned me of what would happen if I persisted in forcing myself upon her? And I, like an idiot as I was, defied her. You would never have done that."

"Oh," said George, "she was no temptation to me. She might have practised all her arts upon me, and I should have been none the worse."

"She could have made you fall in love with her with the greatest ease; she could do it now, if she liked, and not all your common sense would save you," I declared, with some inconsistency. "She could make anybody fall in love with her. If she had had the misfortune to be born a century or two ago, it is my firm belief that she would have been burnt for a witch. I wish she had been born centuries ago! Or rather, I wish she was not going to be born until the next century. In many ways she is better fitted to live in the next century than in this one, and perhaps posterity won't be so susceptible as some of us are."

George pointed out to me that this was not the language of a lover.

"Perhaps not," I said; "but it expresses my feelings. I suppose I am hardly a lover in the ordinary sense of the word, for I would give anything not to be in love with Lady Constance. I scarcely ever talk to her without being angry and disgusted with myself, and sometimes she positively scares me. This afternoon she said a thing which made me feel for the moment almost as if she were an evil spirit. And yet I dare say she meant no great harm. I dare say she has meant no great harm all through; only I hate to

think that I am so completely in her power that I daren't call my soul my own. It may be very unjust, and I believe it is; but I can't always forget that, but for her, I should have been as devoted to Maud now as ever I was, and a great deal happier than I can ever be by any possibility be again."

"It appears to me, Charley," said George gravely, "that you are still in love with Miss Dennison. If you will examine yourself, I think you will find that it is so."

"Now, George," I exclaimed irritably, "if you put on that sapient look, you will make me lose my temper. Don't you understand? But no; of course you don't. How should you, when I can't make head or tail of the business myself? However, you may take my word for it that all that is over and done with for ever. You think, because I rail in this feeble way against Lady Constance, that I can't really care so very much for her; but you are quite wrong. I would cut off my hand to give her pleasure; I would go to the end of the world for her; I suppose there are very few things, good or bad, that I wouldn't do, if she told me to do them. And all the while I know perfectly well that she has about as much affection for me as she has for Antonio."

George rubbed his head, and said, "Well—I don't know, I'm sure!" and after that neither of us spoke for a considerable time. Once or twice George opened his mouth, as if he were going to say something; but thought better of it, and sat drumming abstractedly upon the arms of his chair, while the wood fire crackled and blazed and the wind howled in the chimney.

At length I determined to dismiss black care, at all events for the present. I got up and stretched myself, remarking that we shouldn't make things any better by talking about them. "What are you going to do this evening? Come downstairs and be introduced to Lord and Lady Rossan; they'll be sure to ask you to stop and dine."

George, with his usual reluctance to make fresh acquaintances, said he thought he had better wait until the next day; but I would take no refusal, and presently dragged him down to the drawing-room, where we found Lady Rossan alone. Lady Rossan had often heard of George Warren from me, and accorded him a very different welcome from that which she had extended to poor Harry. Among the generality of her guests she passed for a somewhat chilling person; but she was beloved by shy and retiring members of society, whom she had the knack of setting at their ease without any of the obvious efforts at doing so which shy people so deeply resent. George was a young man after her own heart—a young man entirely free from vice, vanity, or affectation, yet a thoroughly manly fellow, with no suspicion of priggishness about him. She recognised the variety to which he belonged in a very few minutes, and began asking him questions about his home, and telling him of the many clever things that her husband had lately said and done; which was always a sure mark of her favour.

"Lord Rossan and Mr. Pemberton have gone to dine at the Palace," she said, after a time; "but, if you will put up with my company and Mr. Maxwell's, and stay to dinner here, I shall be very glad. My sister-in-law I think you already know; but I believe she does not intend to join us this evening."

Lady Constance did not join us in the dining-room; but she looked in for a few minutes on her way from a dinner party to a ball, and on recognising the addition to our party, was pleased to say that surprises were always a blessing, and that, if anything could have surprised her, it would have been the sight of her friend Mr. Warren at Frahnzenhöhe. "I thought you were too much of a John Bull ever to leave England for pleasure," she remarked; "but possibly you may not be here for pleasure, after all. Have you been knocking down any more innocent people lately?"

She and George then withdrew to the other side of the room and had a brief colloquy, at the end of which he returned, rather red, but looking pleased with himself. It was but too evident that there had been an encounter, nor could I entertain any doubt as to what had been the subject of that encounter; but I forbore to question George when we retired; and soon afterwards my over-zealous friend went to bed.

CHAPTER XX.

GEORGE FULFILLS HIS MISSION

"THE ex-bearleader," said Lady Constance, "carries out his instructions clumsily. He does not want courage; but his system of tactics is deplorably rude."

I was sitting in her drawing-room on the morning after George's arrival, and she addressed these remarks to me from the piano, upon which, at intervals, she was playing fragments of one of Chopin's *nocturnes*. Outside the snow was falling in small flakes; a strong wind from the north was piling it in drifts against the house on the other side of the street, and causing the sparse pedestrians to hurry, shivering on their way; but in this bright cosy room all was warmth and luxury. The cheerful wood fires (Lord Rossan abhorred the national white stoves, and would have none of them in his house); the stands of hot-house plants; the faint odour of sandal-wood, which was the perfume specially affected by Lady Constance; the strange accidentals and dissonances of the *nocturne*—all these things soothed my senses and filled me with languid contentment. Lady Constance was, I think, by far the best amateur pianist that I have ever listened to; but it was only upon very rare occasions that she cared to exhibit her skill. She was playing now in a dreamy, disjointed fashion, often repeating the same passage two or three times, and often breaking into soft chords and thrills which probably could not be found in the score; and it seemed to me that the contrast between the vague, poetical character of the music, and the observations by which it was interrupted every now and again, was curiously characteristic of the performer.

"Yes," she repeated; "he goes beyond his instructions. They ought to have been made more precise for him."

"What instructions?" I asked. "I didn't know that he had received any."

"Did you not? And yet you can hardly imagine that the poor man has come out here in the depth of winter for his own amusement."

"I believe he has," said I. "Why shouldn't he?"

She played half-a-dozen bars before she replied. "I don't know why he shouldn't; but I am very sure that he hasn't. He has marched upon Frahnzenhöhe with a purpose; and I should not be very much surprised to hear that your uncle had paid his travelling expenses."

Of course I knew what she meant; but I thought it better to say, "I don't quite understand you."

"Bend your heart to the subject, and you will probably succeed in comprehending it. For my part I think your uncle is quite right; only he should be more careful in choosing his emissaries. There are many good ways of rescuing a foolish youth from the jaws of an ogress; but to scold the ogress in his presence is not one of them. The plan I should myself adopt would be to suborn the prettiest actress I could find, and get her to make advances to him."

I said, "You are very cynical."

"Do you think so? Some people might have the right to say that of me; but surely not you! And frankly, I don't care much about accepting the rôle of an ogress which your friends seem determined to force upon me. They have been very injudicious in throwing down the gauntlet; but their lack of judgment shall not harm them. Go in peace: Antonio shall be told to say 'Not at home' the next time you honour me with a call."

"And you will refuse to speak to me when we meet every day at dinner?" I asked. "Even if you do, you will not be able to prevent my seeing you, and I might content myself with that, as a *pis-aller*." The fact was that I did not think her dismissal was meant to be serious.

"It is true," said she, her fingers still wandering over the keys, "I can't send you out of the house; though of course I can leave it myself—as, indeed, I was thinking of doing at any rate. But I don't quite like the idea of striking my tents and marching the moment the redoubtable Warren takes the field against me. It would be curious if his coming here should have the effect of making me stay a little longer than I had intended."

"If it has that effect, I shall bless the day of his arrival," said I; "but you make a mistake in thinking that he has been sent here by my uncle. My uncle is much too straightforward to employ stratagems, and too unsuspicious to think that they are needed. Besides which, he knows very well that a word from him would influence me more than anything that dear old George Warren could say or do."

"Ah!—then I think he would do well to speak that word. Yet, when all is said and done, it is not a matter of such tragic importance. In another year, or two at the very outside, you will wonder what you can have seen in me that was different from other women."

I got up and walked to the piano, and, resting my arm upon it, looked down at her. "Do you honestly think that?" I asked.

She went on playing without noticing me; but when I repeated my question she ceased suddenly, and raised her eyes to mine with a certain wistfulness. "I know it," she answered quietly. "Neither you nor I wish to accept life like a pair of dumb animals, do we? Well; but if we want to understand it at all, we must begin by facing obvious truths, and one obvious truth is that we are all of us perpetually shifting and changing. It cuts both ways, don't you see?—it is half curse, half blessing. Everybody must have some moments of intense unhappiness. You would not like them to last for ever, and you can't expect that happiness, or love, or fancy, or other pleasant things should last either."

"I won't make any protestations," I said; "I haven't much right to do that, because, as you know, I have changed once already. Still, I think a time may come when you will acknowledge that I am not exactly the same as all the other men who have felt your extraordinary attraction and have shaken themselves free of it. I only wish you would give me the opportunity of doing some great thing for your sake! Then perhaps you would understand better."

"Take care!" she said, laughing; "I might put you to the test one of these fine days. It sometimes happens that I want difficult things done, and I am not always scrupulous."

I was about to answer that if she wanted a despot assassinated or a powder-magazine blown up, I was the desperate man to carry out her purpose; but I was preserved from taking such rash pledges by the entrance of Mr. Sotheran, who was announced at this moment.

In the presence of that imperturbable bugbear I could neither talk nor feel at my ease, and I presently went away to look after George, whom I had left in my room an hour before, and who

saluted my return with a touch of impatience, saying that he had begun to think I was buried under a snowdrift.

I apologised; and he answered, "Oh, never mind! I can guess where you have been. I hope this snow won't go on falling for twenty-four hours," he added walking to the window. "I must be off home to-morrow morning if I can manage it."

"To-morrow morning! You don't mean to say you must go so soon as that!" I exclaimed; but, to tell the truth, my dismay was somewhat hypocritical. Only the day before I had been overjoyed to see him; but now I was relieved to hear that he did not mean to stay. Well might Lady Constance declare that mankind is subject to perpetual change!

"I haven't any time to waste, you see," George said, moving about the room, and looking a good deal embarrassed. "I wanted just to see you, you know, and—and to say a few words."

"Yes," I answered, "I know; and it's awfully good of you, old fellow; though you have had a long journey for nothing, I'm afraid. Anyhow, you have done your best for me; and no man can do more."

"Oh, well," said George, becoming more and more fidgety and disconcerted, "I should have been very glad to have got you out of this entanglement, Charley, and I can honestly say that I would have travelled a great many miles to do that, if it had seemed at all possible; but I mustn't claim to have come here with that object. I had another reason—" Here George came to a full stop, and, after knocking over a pile of books, backed away from the table until the edge of a chair catching him behind the knees, caused him to sit down with great violence.

"Well," I said, "out with it! What are you hesitating about?"

"It isn't so easy to come out with it," replied George. "I—I suppose you haven't formed any conjecture?"

I said, "Not the faintest. I am completely mystified."

"No; I knew you wouldn't have suspected anything; nobody would," sighed George; "and I have felt all along that it was a piece of almost ludicrous presumptuousness on my part to dream of such a thing. But then, as you said last night, one can't help oneself."

"Oho!" cried I; "so the murder's out, and you have actually lost that well-regulated heart of yours! Now I know why you have become so merciful to the failings of others all of a sudden. Don't talk of presumptuousness, my dear fellow; why there isn't a girl in all Norfolk good enough for you!"

"Well now," said George, brightening considerably, "I am very glad to hear you say that. You speak as a friend, of course, and I make all due deductions; still it's an immense comfort to be encouraged in this way. I wouldn't say a word to her, you know, until I had seen you and made sure of—of your approval."

It struck me that this was paying an unusually high tribute to the claims of friendship; but I knew that George had always had a greater respect for my opinion than it deserved, and I was quite ready to give him the benefit of it now. "If you approve of her, you may take it for granted that I shall," I declared generously.

"But I should be better able to judge of her, perhaps, if you were to tell me her name."

"Eh?—her name?" ejaculated George, with a most chapfallen air. "I thought you understood. Why, who could it be, you know? Of course—of course it's Maud—Miss Dennison, I mean."

I don't think I have ever, before or since, been so utterly taken aback. Afterwards, when I had leisure to consider things quietly, I did call to mind one or two bygone incidents which might have prepared me for this news, if I had not been so certain that George had no romantic side to his character; but for the moment I could only gape in stupid silence.

"Ah," said George, mournfully, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

I didn't like it at all, I was indignant, I was disgusted, and I knew quite well that I had not the smallest right to be either the one or the other. Nor could I altogether disguise my feelings. I was conscious that it was in a harsh and disagreeable voice that I said at last:—"You have developed this attachment rather rapidly, haven't you?"

"Oh, dear, no," he answered simply; "I have loved her ever since we were children; but I always kept it to myself, because, even when I was a boy, I could see what a hopeless business it was. Afterwards you grew up and fell in love with her, and then, of course, there was an end of my chance—supposing that I ever had any. Whether I have any now or not I can't tell; but probably not. What do you think, Charley?" concluded George, looking at me with a timid appeal in his honest brown eyes which should have softened the hardest heart.

It did not soften mine. "Well, if you ask me," replied I bluntly, "I can't say that I think you have much chance. I am sure it never can have occurred to her to think of you as a lover. It—it really does seem so ridiculous, you know."

"I suppose it does," observed George, not in the least affronted. "Upon the face of it, it is ridiculous; only one so often hears of beautiful and clever women who have the most homely kind of husbands. I have emboldened myself a little by that thought sometimes. As to her being taken by surprise, I am not so sure that she will be that. Since you went away I have seen a good deal more of her than I used to do, and she has always been extremely kind, and not long ago my mother persuaded her to stay a few days with us at Hailsham, and—in point of fact, I think she may have an inkling of the truth. Though, of course, I can't say for certain."

"Oh, really?" said I, swallowing down with great difficulty the bitterness of my dissatisfaction. "I dare say it will be all right, then. Only, if it isn't indiscreet to mention it, what are you going to live upon—supposing that she accepts you?"

"Well, really I haven't thought very much about that," George confessed; "it has always seemed such an impossible thing that she could accept me. But if she did"—here he straightened himself up in his chair, and a wonderful brightness overspread his face—"if she did, I think I could earn my living as well as another. Thousands have done it before me, and I don't feel much afraid of failing somehow. For I have always found," he added with pathetic humility, "that plodding industry tells in the long run; and though perhaps I am naturally more fitted for manual labour than for head-work, I can generally manage to master a subject by giving more time to it than other men would need to do."

"But isn't it more prudent and—more usual to begin earning one's living before proposing?" I knew I ought not to say this; but I couldn't for the life of me help it.

George's patience was proof against any provocation. "No doubt," said he; "and perhaps I won't propose until I can see my way more plainly. But sometimes, you know, one is hurried into speaking a little sooner than one has intended: and to begin with, I wanted to be sure that I was not taking unfair advantage of your absence. You had never actually told me that you had given up thinking of Miss Dennison; and all I had to go upon was what I had seen myself at Naples and what General Le Marchant said."

"You mean that day out shooting."

"Yes; and afterwards. He told us that Lady Constance was at Frahnzenhöhe, and that you were—" Here George broke off, evidently casting about him for some form of words which should not be offensive—"in constant attendance upon her" was the expression which finally recommended itself to him.

"I do wish," cried I, with an irresistible outburst of petulance, "that the General would learn how beautiful and becoming a thing it is to mind one's own business! I suppose he has been making no end of jocular remarks about me before you all."

George was obliged to acknowledge that he had.

"Dear, cheerful old creature!—how I should like to have him here for five minutes. And what did Maud seem to think of it?"

"I can hardly tell," answered George. "She laughed. As far as I could judge, she took it very much as a matter of course; and naturally I was glad that it troubled her so little."

"Oh, nothing could be more natural; *les absents ont toujours tort*. You had the best of reasons for wishing her to laugh at me too."

For the first time George looked decidedly displeased. "You ought not to say that," he returned; "it is unfair and untrue. If I was glad, it was more upon her account than my own. I was going to tell you that I didn't feel by any means convinced that you had so completely changed in such a short time; and that was why I came out here. Even now it is not too late. You have only to promise me that you will give up Lady Constance and return to your old love, and I'll engage not to interfere with you in any way. I fully admit your right to be heard first. All that I should stipulate for would be that if, after a certain time—say a year—you had either not asked or had been refused, I should be allowed to come forward again and take my chance."

There was no withstanding such magnanimity. I answered George that I appreciated it, but added that, after what I had already told him, he would understand that I had neither the wish nor the power to take advantage of his offer. "Go on and prosper," I said, trying hard to show some magnanimity myself. "I ought to wish you every success: for I should like you to have the best wife in the world, and I should like Maude to have the best husband."

But, in spite of these brave words, I was far from being satisfied. Having been so blind to George's attachment, it was reasonable to conclude that I might have been equally blind as regarded Maud; and, although I had often assured myself of late that she had never really cared for me except as a brother, there was something disagreeably humbling in the thought that she had attached no sort of importance to my vows. In bed, that night, I thought over all our meetings and conversations; I thought in particular of that afternoon when I had fished her out of the Broad, and of the look which I had surprised—or fancied that I had surprised—in her eyes; and I am afraid I muttered to my pillow some very unwarrantable things about the fickleness of women. I was more than half disposed, in short, to play the dog in the manger's part; and I dare say some large-minded readers may find it within the range of their capacities to sympathise with me.

On the following morning George started for England, notwithstanding the snow, which was still falling. He was anxious to have another day or two in Norfolk before returning to London and work, he said, though not in any great hurry to learn his fate. I, on the other hand, was consumed by a burning curiosity to hear what Maud would say to his proposal, and urged him—with little regard, I am afraid, for his interests—to "get it over and have done with it." But he said No; he thought he would bide his time. "I laid in a large stock of patience years ago, when I supposed I should want it for the rest of my life, and now that things have turned out differently, I find that I have still a considerable balance left to draw upon. Besides, as you very truly say, it would be more satisfactory to have an actual income to offer than only the prospect of one."

Then he promised to let me hear from him as soon as he had any good news to tell; and so we shook hands, and the train bore him away.

(To be continued)



MESSRS. METZLER AND SON.—A pleasing duet, for a mezzo-soprano and baritone, is "Out With the Tide," written and composed by C. J. Rowe and Francesco Berger. There is a cheerful swing and a more than usual amount of "Yeo, heave ohs" in it, which will conjure up remembrances of the past seaside holidays.—Two fairly good love-songs, which cannot lay claim to much originality, are "With Thee" and "Come Back," written and composed by Churchill Sibley.—Precisely the same may be said of "A Valentine," by Maud M. Whitmore; who has done much better with a French song, "Barcarolle de Marie," the poetry for which is by E. De Planard. This piquante little song at once catches the ear with its simple and tuneful melody.—"Mid the Sunny Vineyards" is a dainty little love ditty for a soprano. The words are by Claxson Bellamy, music by Ernest Birch.—Both words and music by Mrs. Henry Shield of "Just for the Old Love's Sake" are very charming. It is one of the prettiest songs of the season for a tenor of medium compass.—One of Barry Cornwall's tender little poems, "Cherished," has been tastefully set to music by F. Sewell Southgate.—A tale of rustic courtship, written by Mrs. Hawkins, set to music by Kathleen O'Reilly, is "The May Queen." It is well suited for a village concert or reading.—Two very good specimens of dance music are "Vallé (Farewell) Valse," by E. Bacon; and "Aurora Valse," by G. Villa.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two useful songs of medium compass, music by Godwin Fowles, are "The Beggar's Story," the words of which are by Mary Conroy, on a dreary and hackneyed theme.—"I Stood On the Shore" is a pleasing poem replete with healthy sentiment, by Fannie Simpson.—"The Ironclads of England" is a well-written song for a baritone or bass, words by W. Allen, music by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Although the subject is somewhat worn out, this song will be a favourite at convivial meetings (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—A graceful poem by Longfellow, "Snowflakes," has been charmingly set to music by Norman Abbott, published in C and E flat.—"Twilight Waltz," by Louis Godard, is of a very ordinary type, but the time is well marked (J. C. Sharp).—A duet for the coming season is "The Hunter's Ride," for tenor and baritone voices, easy to learn and to sing, with a refrain of Tally Ho's; it is written and composed by Emily Bond and Elizabeth Philip.—"A Soldier's Wooing" is a tale after "Young Lochinvar," of a youth, who being refused the object of his choice, swings her up into his saddle, and away they go; the spirited words, by M. E. Garth, are wedded to suitable music by Frank M. Timms.—By the same *collaborateurs* is a sentimental song for a baritone, "Though Thou Art From Me" (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—There is nothing very new either in the words, sentiments, or music of "The Storm-Beaten Tar," words by L'Estelle, the music by Wordsworth Davies (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—A pretty love song for a tenor is "Inez," words by Alfred Murray, music by Edward Belville (Messrs. V. and A. Dobrowski).—"Beauty and the Beast Polka," by Haydn Grover, is lively and danceable, albeit it is written for and published by the International Fur Store, and adorned by the portrait of a modern beauty and her bear admirer (International Fur Store).—The September Number of "The Sacred Melodist" keeps up its interest, and should be used in all Sunday Schools and Churches where congregational singing is promoted. There are three Harvest Hymns in this number; the lessons in harmony deserve attention (F. Pitman).

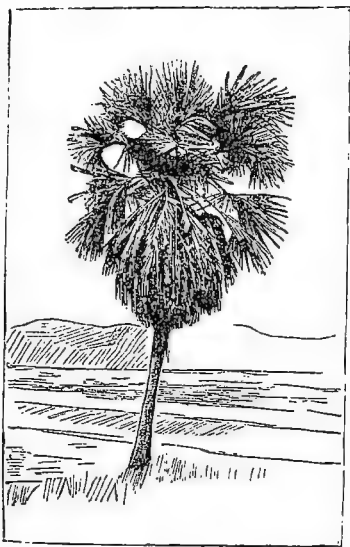
AN ARTIST'S VISIT TO THE RIVER CONGO, I.

FAC-SIMILES OF SKETCHES MADE BY MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., DURING HIS
JOURNEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1882, I left Loanda to carry out a long cherished idea of visiting the River Congo, to study its little-known natural history, and to endeavour to portray as accurately as possible the landscapes and inhabitants of lands which photography had not yet reached, and where no student of Nature had ever penetrated.

Having obtained a passage on board a Dutch trading steamer, I proceeded up the coast northwards to Ambriz, the last possession of the Portuguese province of Angola, and lying distant from Loanda some sixty miles. When we reached this place, early in the morning, I left the steamer for a time, intending to journey some distance along the coast by hammock, in order to gain a closer acquaintance with the character of the country that here borders the sea. Carriers are not always easily obtained at Ambriz, and the day passed in listless and hopeless waiting before six stout men could be found willing to bear the fatigue of carrying a white man in a hammock for a distance of seven miles. However, just as it seemed necessary to resign myself to the disagreeable thought of passing a night with the fleas and mosquitoes which Ambriz lavishes on all new-comers, the required number of men was mustered, a hammock was borrowed, and I gladly shook the dust of Ambriz off my feet, and settled comfortably into the half-drowsy state which the swaying motion of the hammock produces. Our path lay for some distance along the sea shore, right in amongst the foam of the breakers, whose deafening roar made the ears ring. Here, safe from their cruel force, on dear Mother Earth, I could look with wonder and interest on the irresistible roll and terrible rebound of these waves, which render landing on these unprotected coasts almost impossible in anything but a surf boat. Half-an-hour's jog-trot on the part of the men brought us to the River Loge, which at present is the northern boundary of the Portuguese possessions in Lower Guinea. The clumps of mangrove which border its narrow mouth are very fine and picturesque, and afford shelter to many water birds, which were busily fishing for their evening meal whilst we waited to cross the river. A native canoe came from the opposite side, and ferried us over in two journeys; and then, leaving the river, we passed through several black and fetid marshes, where the branches of the mangroves grew so low that they very often took me by the chin, and nearly jerked me out of the hammock.

As the ground grew more solid and strong,



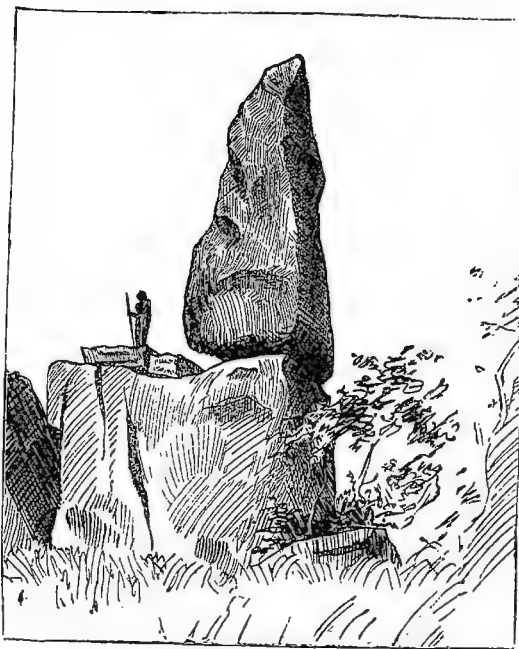
Borassus Palm at Kinsembo

forests of Euphorbias, ugly, bewitched-looking things, lined the way, and continued to be the only vegetation visible till we reached Kinsembo. Here, naturally, I was received with that cordial welcome and hearty hospitality which are extended by all English traders in West Africa to the stranger, no matter what his position or nationality may be. In a comfortable airy room we sat down, friends of five minutes' standing, to as good a dinner as the tinned provisions of Kinsembo could produce.

In this place, where native food is almost non-existent, save an occasional water-buck (*Cobus* antelope—see illustration) or a dish of little rock oysters, the European inhabitants live nearly exclusively on provisions sent out from England, and live well withal.

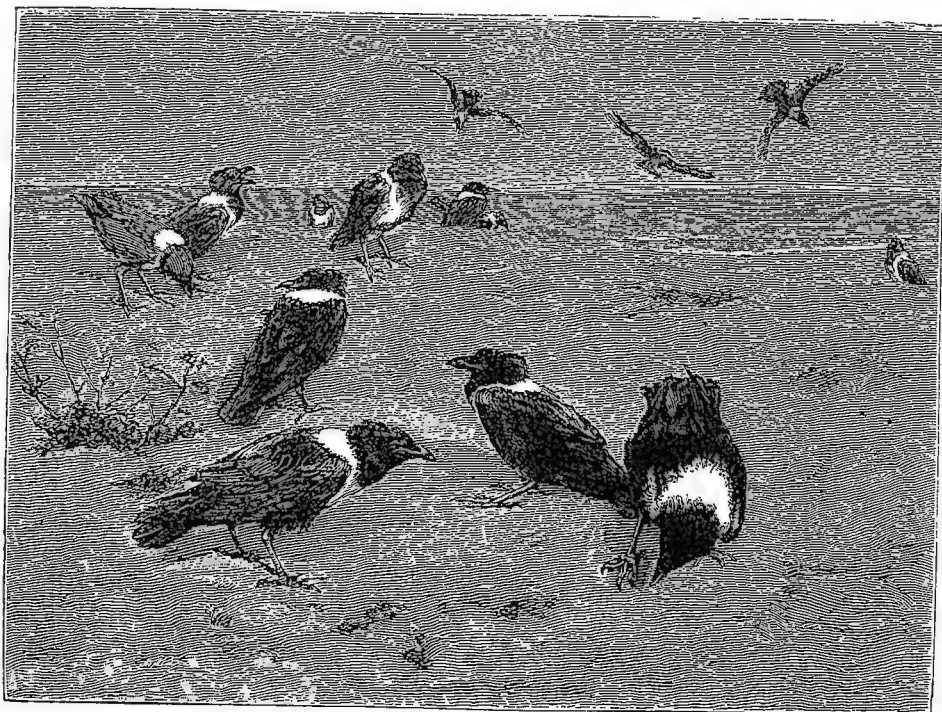
Kinsembo is a flourishing settlement as regards trade, and has doubtless diverted much of the coffee, ivory, and india-rubber which should have come to Ambriz, for it was formed by the settlement of many trading houses who left Ambriz and Portuguese Africa in order to be free from import and export duties.

The different buildings of Kinsembo all stand on the summit of a range of high cliffs, which end at the mouth of a little river in a long rocky point. This river, of course, has a sand bar, otherwise its mouth would form the harbour so sorely needed. As it is, both the landing and embarking of cargo is attended with considerable risk, as the breakers are almost more to be dreaded here than anywhere on the South-west Coast. In the time of "calemma" (the Portuguese give this name to the great roll which every now and then comes across the Atlantic) the beach of Kinsembo is a grand sight to see—from the cliffs above. Wave after wave comes in like a race horse, dashes itself on the beach, gathers itself up, and rolls back again to meet the one that follows. Sometimes these waves will come in one on top of the other, but generally it is every third wave which is the worst, and, after this giant billow has expended itself, there is an interval of comparative calm, in which the anxious boatmen strive to put off. Landing in a "calemma" is, I believe, less dangerous than putting out to sea. It is, however, a moment full of suppressed anxiety and excitement. The great surf-boat, with neither bow nor stern, so that it can go backwards or forwards at will, highly recurved at both ends, and like the crescent moon in shape, is steered by a man standing upright in the seaward end of the boat, and using as his rudder a long paddle. He approaches to within a certain distance from the



Monolith at Mussera

shore, and then, after cautiously waiting his time, selects a big roller, and rides in with irresistible speed on to the beach, where the boat is immediately seized by the owners, who have jumped out,



Scapulated Crows on the Beach at Banana

and hauled up out of reach ere the retreating wave can roll it back to destruction.

Kinsembo is not quite so barren as the Ambriz coast, but vege-



A Study of Mangrove Roots

tation is still very sparse. Borassus palms, however, first make their appearance here, as you approach this region from the south, and there are also strangely stunted baobabs (by some thought to be

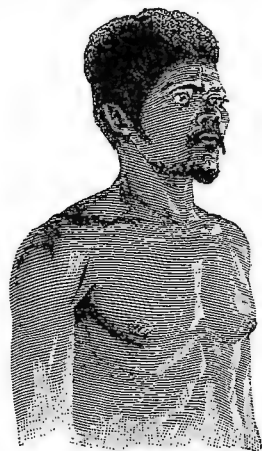
a different species) growing on the cliffs, and a coarse-looking convolvulus straggles over the sea-shore intermixed with the Calabar bean. The usual park-like scenery of the interior is some six miles distant from the sea-coast.

The journey overland to Mussera, the West trading settlement, occupies about five hours' travelling on foot or in a hammock, but I spent some time longer on the way, as I stopped to sketch the curious Pillar of Mussera, a great pointed stone, poised on a smooth slab of rock, and crowning the top of a small eminence, from whence it is visible a long way off, both inland and out at sea. I cannot guess at the cause of this curious monolith, except that I think it improbable that it owes its origin and position to any act of man. There are many similar stones in different parts of the Congo countries.

I rejoined the Dutch steamer at Ambrizette, and proceeded along the coast, touching at different ports, and finally landing at Banana, an important trading settlement at the mouth of the Congo.

Why such an unmeaning name was given to this little sandy peninsula by the Dutch, who first christened it, I do not know; certainly it is no longer applicable, for not a banana is to be seen growing there. However, the name sticks to it, and is known far and wide now, for Banana is an important settlement, and is likely to become more so in the future development of the Congo, on account of being the only good and safe harbour at its mouth. Apparently this little peninsula was at one time only a part of the bar which seems to have obstructed the mouth of the Congo, or it may be a vestige of the old coast-line, through which the Congo tore its way when it rushed down on a new course through the mountains from Stanley Pool to the sea. But whether it owes its origin to the Congo or to its degradation and diminution, it is certain that the little peninsula would long ago have been encircled and washed away by the flood had it not been protected by man. On one side Banana is lashed by the breakers of the Atlantic, on the other it meets the brunt of the mighty stream, and its existence is only saved or prolonged by rows of stakes driven into the shore, while the beach is raised and fortified by masses of large stones.

On this narrow strip of land, where space is as valuable as in some civilised cities, there are three different factories, of which that belonging to the Dutch Company is by far the largest and most important. On the ground occupied by this establishment many handsome palms



A Kruboy

are planted to aid with their roots in keeping the loose soil together. Where the peninsula is joined to the main land, it is all overgrown with mangroves, and is very marshy in character, being to all intents and purposes an island, for it is impossible to reach the high ground beyond otherwise than by water. Where the Dutch establishment is situated the site is healthier, for the narrowing strip of land is swept by the sea breezes, and all the washed-up refuse of the shore, together with the garbage and fish refuse thrown out of the houses, is soon gobbled up by the scapulated crows. These useful birds are wisely protected at Banana, and are, in consequence, very tame, assembling in numbers on the sandy shore to demolish and consume all putrefying matter that the landcrabs are too slow to eat. Beyond the resources of civilisation in the shape of pianos and billiard-rooms, which the Dutch Company provides for the leisure hours of its employes, there is little to detain the new arrival in Banana; and, if he has come to the Congo to study Natural History, the sooner he mounts the river the better, for a few months of Africa soon dull the observatory powers of the most eager student.

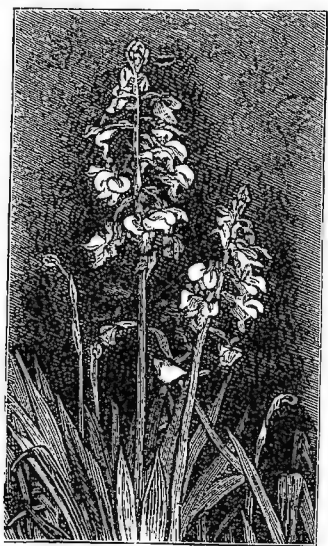
The first place of real interest up the river is Kissangué, a small trading settlement some twenty-one miles from the sea, where I spent three very pleasant weeks. The first thing one sees on landing, away from the temporary and feeble clearings that the few commercial houses have made, is the grand majestic forest, which towers up into the sky, displaying the most splendid effects that a rich and fantastic foliage, a brilliant colouring of varied greens, and a weird architecture of contorted and massive trunks can produce.

Our adjectives are too puny to describe the vegetation of such places as Kissangué. We want to express ourselves in some tongue like the Ki-Swahili of Zanzibar, which has seven different words to describe different kinds of forest. Beyond the actual inclosures of the factories here, Nature is rampant in her wildest beauty. In the marshy spots, down near the river's bank, are masses of that splendid orchid *Lissochilus giganteus*, a terrestrial species that shoots up often to the height of six feet from the ground, bearing such a head of glorious red-mauve, golden-centred blossoms as scarcely any flower in the world can equal for beauty and delicacy of form. These orchids, with their light green, spear-like leaves, and their tall swaying flower stalks, grow in groups of forty and fifty together, often reflected in the shallow pools of stagnant water round their bases, and filling up the foreground of the high purple-green forest with a blaze of tender, peach-like colour upon which none but the brutalised Europeans of the river could gaze unmoved. Yet the

Portuguese merchants who lived among this loveliness scarcely regarded it, and laughed at the eagerness with which I gathered and painted this "capim," this mere grass or reed, as they call it.

Clumps of a dwarf palm, *Phanix spinosa*, which bears a just eatable, starveling date, hedge in these beautiful orchids from the wash of the river, and seem a sort of water-mark that the tides rarely pass, but the water often leaks through the mud and vegetable barrier, and forms inside the ring of dwarf palms many little quiet lagoons, not necessarily unhealthy, for the water is changed and stirred by each recurring tide; and in these lagoons, bordered by orchids and tall bushes with large spatulate leaves, and white shining bracts about their flower stalks, by *pandanus*, by waving oil-palms, and by mangrove trees, poised on their many feet and telling out against the shining sky with their lace-like tracery of leaves. In these quiet stretches of still water are the homes and feeding-grounds of myriad forms of life: of blue land-crabs, whose burrows riddle the black soil; of always alert and agitated mudfish, flapping and flopping through the ooze; of tiny anethystine red-beaked kingfishers; of kingfishers that are black and white, or large and grey and speckled; of white egrets; of the brown and stork-like *Scopus umbretta*; of spur-winged geese; and of all-devouring *Gypohierax* vultures. A rustling in the vegetation, and a large *varanus* lizard slips into the water; or, on some trampled bank, a crocodile lies asleep in the warm sun, with a fixed smirk hanging about his grim muzzle.

These lagoons are places seething with life: life that is ever stirring, striving, and active; and when you suddenly arrive, slipping and splashing in the watery footholds, the sudden silence that greets you is rather the frightened, expectant hush of a thousand apprehensive creatures. Beyond the lagoons and this strip of mud and water rises an almost impenetrable barrier of forest, nearly impossible to pass by land, but which is fortunately pierced by many little arms or natural canals of the Congo, that intersect it and penetrate to the firm, dry land beyond. As you paddle gently in a native canoe through the watery valleys of this vegetable Venice, the majestic trees firmly interlaced above and over-arching the canal, shrouding all in pale green gloom, the glimpses and vistas through the forest that you get reveal many beautiful forms in bird and insect life. Barbets, with red foreheads and large notched bills, are sitting in stupid meditation on the twigs, giving a harsh and mechanical squeak if the too near approach of the canoe disturbs their reverie. Little African woodpeckers are creeping up the branches, deftly turning round towards the unseen side when they observe you; large green *mantises*, or "praying insects," are chasing small flies with their large pouncing forelegs; and every now and then a blue roller-bird snaps up a *mantis*, in spite of its wonderful assimilation to its leafy surroundings. Farther into the forest, the canal, a blind alley of water, stops, the soil becomes solid and well raised, and a native path is discernible, leading through the now more park-like and formal clumps of forest to a distant village, whence the crowing of cocks and the occasional shouts of the inhabitants can be heard. But the birds do not lessen because we are approaching the abode of men. Out of the bosky trees little troops of black and white hornbills suddenly start, and flap their loose, irregular flight to another refuge. Violet plantain-eaters gleam out in their beauty from time to time; golden cuckoos, yellow-vented fly-catchers, green fruit pigeons, grey parrots, parrots that are grey and blue and yellow-shouldered, green love-birds, and a multitude of little wax-bills, a medley of diverse and beautiful birds, enliven this walk through the forest along the black peat path with their loud cries, their lovely plumage, and their rapid movements. In the native village, which I thus reach, buried in the forest that overawes a stranger with its majesty, there are many indications of the neighbouring fauna. These riverine natives along the Lower Congo find it a profitable employment to capture and tame every possible kind of animal and bird, which they then bring down to the English steamers or the merchants at Banana to sell. Here, in this village near Kissangue, are young mandrills, with their little leaden-blue faces, gazing at you wistfully from the doorway of some native hut. In neatly-made wicker-work cages many birds are awaiting the departure of their captors for Banana. Here is a green parrot, green, with a few red splashes on the wings, something like and somewhat allied to the Amazon parrots of South America. Numberless little "cordons-bleus," wax-



Lissochilus giganteus—A Terrestrial Orchid

bills, and weaver-birds are twittering in their really pretty cages. A poor little Galago lemur sits, huddled and stupid, in his wicker prison, stunned by the bright daylight to which he is exposed. The sight of all these live things is too much for me. Although I know how impossible it is to keep live creatures when you are travelling, I yield to the clamorous natives, and buy a cage of rare barbets (see illustration), five in a charming little cage for a shilling—or at least for a shilling's worth of cloth at the neighbouring factory.

Kissangue is very nearly an island, being encircled by two arms of the Congo which only dry up occasionally in the dry season. On the mainland, where the land is really firm, more game is present than on the islands and marshy banks of the river.

Harnessed antelopes, bush-bucks, *Cobus* and *Cephalophus* antelopes are found in certain quantities. Crocodiles are not so numerous here as towards Boma, where they become a positive pest. Hippopotami are common, and bold even to fierceness in the water. Civets are occasionally found; but the lovely little genet cat is the commonest kind of the carnivora. Leopards are not rare, and even attack the goats in isolated factories. Their claws are used to decorate the caps of the chiefs on the Lower Congo.

The next settlement of any importance is Ponta da Lenha, where steamers call for supplies of wood-fuel (whence the name in Portuguese—"The Wood Point"). Ponta da Lenha, forty miles from the sea, and just out of the district of the mangrove swamps, offers little of interest or note, save its fine orange trees, the only ones to be found on the river. This place is barely above the level of the stream, and the shore has to be protected with piles, as the Congo is eating Ponta da Lenha away. Only a little while ago a French

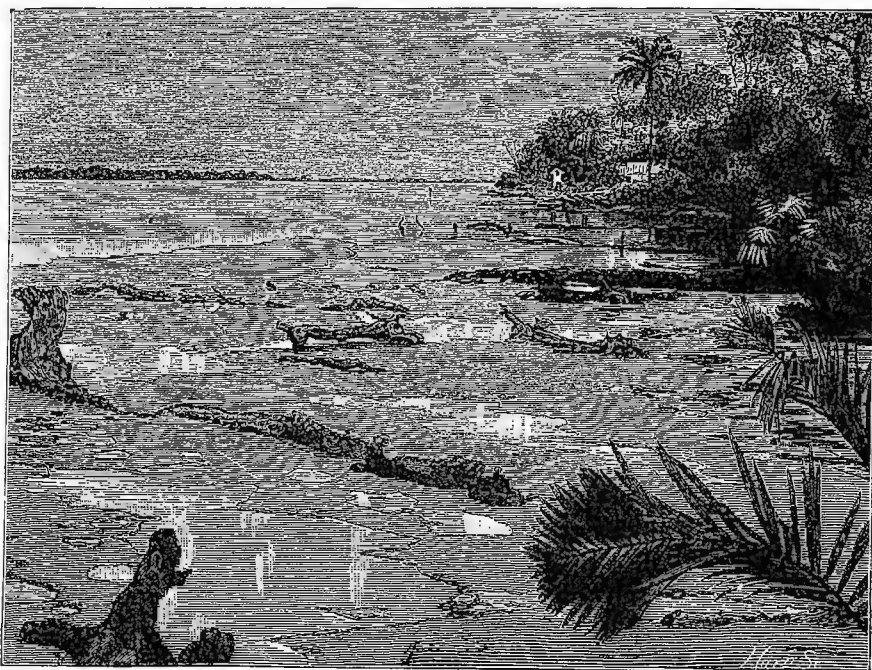
factory disappeared completely into the water, which now flows twenty feet above it. In the ordinary course of events this place would long ago have disappeared without the intervention of man; for the Lower Congo seems to be widening its bed, year by year,



Cobus Antelope

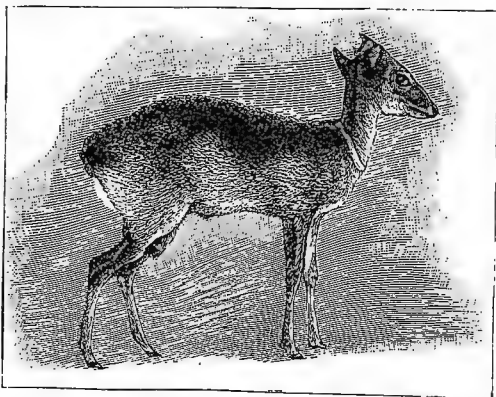
and even striking out new issues towards the sea, at present all of them blind alleys; but the Congo is so ambitious of having a delta, that I am sure he will ultimately attain what his older fellows in Africa, the Nile, the Niger, and the Zambesi, already possess.

Boma, once, and that not long since, the limit of European extension on the Congo, lies about eighty miles from the mouth of the river, and is the site of many "factories" and trading establishments belonging to the English, Dutch, French, Portuguese, and



Kissangue

Belgians. There is also a flourishing Catholic Mission here. The river at and below Boma somewhat resembles the Congo at Stanley Pool in its great breadth, its many islands, and the numberless water-birds which haunt its banks. The sinister influence of the barren, stony hills and straitened stream that marks the Cataract region is over, and Nature expands in richness



A *Cephalophus* Antelope

and luxuriance. No villages are found near the river until Vivi is reached. There is, it is true, a sort of native town near Kissangue, but it is chiefly for trading purposes, and is almost abandoned in the rainy season. I remained about a month on the Lower Congo, and then went to pass a few days with a member of the Baptist Mission at Underhill, a pretty little station higher up the river, about thirty-five miles from Boma, and a short distance from Vivi, on the south bank of the Congo. From here I made a little expedition to the interesting native town of Pallaballa, about fifteen miles to the eastward. After leaving Underhill in the sultry noon time, I first toiled up a steep and stony hill, most exasperating in character, where my feet slipped back at every step off the sharp-edged stones. Then as Underhill (the native name of this settlement is Angu-Angu) vanished behind, shut out by the brow of the hill, a fresh stretch of the River Congo, rolling swiftly along through narrowing banks, came into view, with Vivi rising high above its north bank, a crest of white houses surmounting a scarped red cliff. The road winding down from this eagle's nest to the river side is seen very distinctly. The stream of the Congo here is of immense depth (ninety fathoms), and in the rainy season flows at the rate of nine miles an hour; but to any one not knowing this it is hard to believe this river, 500 yards broad at most, is the same stream as the great Lualaba.

As one descends the valley, the river finally disappears from view. It is flowing nearly northwards, and Pallaballa lies due east. The path leads you through two or three native villages of a comfortable and prosperous appearance, and suggesting here and there, by certain cunning shifts and contrivances, that their inhabitants are not bereft of *savoir vivre*. There are well-cultured plots of maize and cassada, here and there a lime, and even an orange-tree (these latter rare), papaya trees, and the beautiful passion-flower, which gives the fruit known as maracujá, or grenadilla, is carefully trained over a framework of sticks. Little beds of earth are being assiduously hoed, and are marked out with geometrical accuracy by means of the same device as our gardeners employ at home—a tight string tied from peg to peg, only that in this case a sort of bast is used instead of string. There are clucking fowls with small chicks about them, carefully housed in large hencoops made of withes and grass to protect the chickens from their many enemies; and for the hens to lay in and the fowls to roost in at night neat little hen-houses are raised on posts out of the reach of snakes.

In a rough sort of shanty, constructed principally of overlaid palm-fronds, are the goats and sheep (the sheep are of the usual Central African stock, with short hairy coats, supplemented in the ram by a splendid silky mane from his chin to his stomach); and even, rarely, we may see a black high-shouldered bullock stalled in a not ill-fashioned manger made of the same material.

The houses are well and neatly built, generally raised a foot above the ground on a platform of beaten earth. There is, first of all, a framework of stout poles, one very long pole forming the apex of the slanting and wide-spreading roof, and on this is fixed a covering of thin laths and dried grass. The roof extends some feet beyond the body of the house, and in front is prolonged to a sort of verandah, further supported by two extra poles, and susceptible of any modification—from being the shady space of a few feet, where the inmates of the house pass most of their time, to becoming the great reception-place and palaver-ground of kings. Here, as we pass, the inhabitants of each house are nearly always assembled. The women look up from pounding palm-kernels and show all their teeth in a grin at the "mundélé" (white man); the men, squatted in lazy ease, take their large-bowled pipes from their mouths and call out a salutation, generally "Mavimpi," whilst, irresolute between the threshold and the interior, large-headed, round-eyed children mutely and distrustfully regard the white man, who must in their eyes as much embody some notion of uncanny bogymism as the traditional "black man" does to English children.

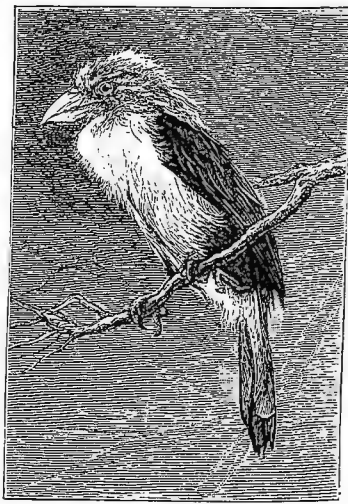
Around each village there is a grove of bananas or plantains, a perpetual source of food-supply to their cultivators. Two sorts of fruit are principally eaten here: the plantain, which has no sweet taste, but is delicious roasted and eaten with butter; and the richly-sweet banana.

The style of scenery on the road to Pallaballa is typical of the Cataract region of the Congo,—a succession of stony hills covered with rough grass, and rich fertile valleys, with luxuriant forests and running streams in their depths. About midway to Pallaballa you have to cross, by means of a native ferry, the River Mposo, a rapid stream that rises near San Salvador. Beyond this it is all up hill and down dale, till at length we see a fringe of forest, which marks the site of Pallaballa, on the crest of a great hill 1,600 feet high. As I pass through the native village the people cry out "Mundélé, mundélé," and several come forward and salute me with "Morning," a contraction of "Good morning," which they have learnt from the missionaries. The missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission, who was resident at Pallaballa, gave me a very kind reception, and a dainty and welcome meal was soon prepared. There were delicious fried bananas, pounded pea-nut sauce with roast chicken, "palm-oil chop," and many other native dishes, supplemented with European luxuries.

After dinner the missionary asked me if I would object to attend prayers. I of course replied "Certainly not," and followed him to the school-house, where Miss Spearing, a lady missionary, was residing. Here some twenty people were assembled, principally boys. There is a little giggling at my presence, otherwise they are well-behaved. The missionary prays in Fiote (the language of the country) and in English, and also reads a chapter of the Bible in the same tongues. The subject in Fiote is not wisely chosen, being a wearisome record of Jewish wars, where familiar sounding Bible names are strangely mixed up in unintelligible Fiote. All the while the black congregation (swelled this evening by my five porters) sits stolidly unmoved, although the missionary strives to infuse the greatest interest into the slaughter of the Canaanites. After this, follows a Moody and Sankey hymn in Fiote, in which I feel anything but at home, and can only make semblance with my lips to be following. Finally, a short and sensible prayer finished up the whole, and then begins a ceremony which the natives would not miss for the world. Each one comes separately and shakes hands with the missionary, Miss Spearing, and myself, accompanying the shake-hands with a "goo'-night, sir," applied indifferently to either sex. We also retire to our rooms, and although mine is rather damp (there is a fine crop of mushrooms—alas! not edible—and waving grass growing on my bedroom floor) I have a comfortable bed, and sleep well.

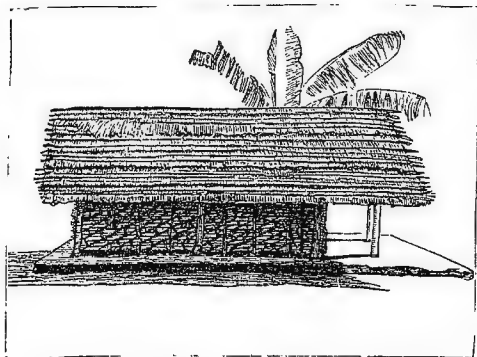
I will pass over my succeeding journey as far as the River Lulu, which, owing to the rapacity of the natives and the robberies of my own porters, was unsuccessful in its results, and give a few notes on Pallaballa and the manners and customs of its inhabitants. I do this somewhat in detail, as when one Lower Congo village has been fully described you can pass over the rest without mention; they are so much alike between Vivi and Stanley Pool.

It is very damp at Pallaballa. Every morning and evening a thick mist surrounds everything, and renders the place clammy and unhealthy. There are four kings in this neighbourhood, Kagumpaka, Nikiangila, Tanta, and a small boy, whose name I forget. Kagumpaka is the head King, and only owes allegiance to the King of Congo at San Salvador. A little while ago one of the Queens of this King of Congo made a sort of progress through his dominions,



An African Barbet

and was received with great respect at Pallaballa. There are decided traces of Portuguese influence here, and many words of that language are introduced into the local dialect. At Pallaballa the natives are disposed to be impudent, and even aggressive, towards white men. They are very superstitious, and, for every person that dies, somebody is made *nlokki* (or "devil-possessed"), and has to take the *casca* poison. This is usually administered in such a way as to be merely a strong emetic, under the idea that the victim may "bring up" the devil and cast him out with his bile. They think a great deal of their Inkimba, and woe to the white man who shall offend them. When the Inkimba are on the road, they announce



A Congo House

the opposite side of Vivi Hill opens another valley, full of richly-hued green woods, rising and falling till they reach a line of distant rolling downs. Behind Vivi a huge mass of rock towers up into the sky, scantily covered with tufts of vegetation, and surmounted by great blocks of stone that look like the remains of a cairn or some Druidical temple.



A Hen House

To describe one of Mr. Stanley's stations is no very satisfactory task, for by the time your description is printed and published the place may be utterly transformed, and, indeed, so quickly do things march now on the Congo that Vivi, the most stable of all the

their coming by a sort of drumming noise like *dur-r-r-r*! and then all who are not initiated into their mysteries must clear out of the road. A young missionary who refused to give way to these fanatics was seized, and badly treated. The Inkimba are in all probability males undergoing circumcision and an initiation into the rites of marriage. They may be of any age, boys of eleven or men of forty; but generally the "Inkimbaship" is undergone by young men.

For one native year (six months) the ceremonies last, and there are three or more stages of initiation, said to be marked by changes in their grass coverings. They chalk themselves all over a ghastly white with some argillaceous earth, and do not wash once during their six months' probation, though they often renew the white colouring. They are taught a different language by the *uganga*, or medicine man, which language appears to be quite different from the ordinary tongue, and is never taught to females. During the whole period of their initiation they live like the lilies of the field, being sustained at the common expense of the village or community. They renew their hideous white colour every few weeks, and it is a great ceremony with them. An Inkimba in a shower of rain is a dolorous spectacle. No one has yet been able to examine into their sacred tongue. Might it be some original and more archaic form of Bantu language conserved for religious purposes, like the Sanscrit, the old Slavonic, and the Latin?

The Inkimba also receive a new name when they pass through these mysteries, and it is a great offence to call a man by the name of his childhood only, though one may join it to his new name for purposes of identification.

The people of Pallaballa may be said to "patronise" Christianity. When the missionary holds a Sunday service in King Kagumpaka's house, some twenty or thirty idlers look in, in a genial way, to see what is going on, much as we might be present at any of their ceremonies. They behave very well, and imitate, with that exact mimicry which only the negro possesses, all our gestures and actions, so that a hasty observer would conclude they were really touched by the service. They kneel down with an *abandon* of devotion, clasp their hands, and say "Amen" with a deep ventral enthusiasm. The missionary gave a short sermon in Fiole, marvellously expressed, considering the short time he had been studying the language. The King constantly took up the end of some phrase and repeated it with patronising interest after the missionary, just to show he was attending, throwing meanwhile a furtive glance at his wives, who were not pursuing their avocations with sufficient diligence outside. A short prayer concluded the service, and when the king rose from his knees he promptly demanded the loan of a handscrew to effect some alteration in his new canoe.

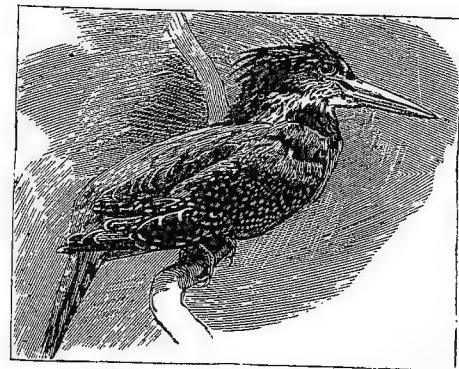
Round Pallaballa the vegetation is very rich. There is beautiful forest in the valleys, pine-apples grow wild, and a fern similar to the bracken gives a familiar air to the woodland glades. The *Cucurbitacea* are very noticeable here, particularly one species that has most gorgeous fruits; they are egg-shaped, about the size of a pear, and covered with prickles. The outside is the most brilliant orange colour; when ripe, the husk splits into four sections, displaying the interior, where the black seeds are lying enveloped in pulp of the richest crimson hue I have ever seen in nature. The commonest birds round Pallaballa are the grey parrot, the *Gypohierax* vulture, and a small black hornbill.

Returning once more to Underhill after this short trip to Pallaballa, I received a kind invitation from Mr. Stanley to come over to Vivi, and pursue my researches into the interior along his road. He had quite recently returned from Europe, and I had already paid him a hasty visit; but now I was to spend some days in his company, and endeavour to avail myself of his instructions and advice before starting for the Upper Congo.

Mr. Stanley's first and greatest establishment on this river, as it rises high above the rushing stream, the white houses gleaming out in their brightness on the great gaunt cliff, like some Eastern city on a fortress-hill, hardly looks a peaceful settlement, but rather the stronghold of some river pirate and the storehouse of his booty.

Vivi Station is about 360 feet above the sea and a clear 270 feet above the Congo. The projecting mass of hill on which the station is placed rises higher as it nears the river, and is almost unapproachable, save from the inland side, or by means of a road winding up from the river bank. On the left of this precipitous hill, a little stream, dashing in tiny cascades through a series of small chasms in the blue-grey rock, gives rise to some vegetation and, indeed, rather picturesque hanging woods, and fertilises the large gardens and banana plantations that have been made in the valley. This stream is very nearly perennial; but in the dry season it occasionally fails, otherwise it may be looked upon as the water supply of Vivi, for its water is more agreeable to drink than that of the Congo, which, though perfectly wholesome, retains often a taste of weak tea. On

book from the well-furnished library, and let one's eyes wander from its pages to the sun-steeped landscape below the hill. From this raised square two broad flights of steps lead down to an oblong space of ground, with a long garden in the centre, round which are placed houses for white men, kitchens, stores, piggeries, fowl-houses, and finally, apart from all the rest, a powder magazine. Beyond these, and generally below, for the white part of Vivi occupies the summit of the hill, all the settlements and little tidy cabins of the Zanzibaris, the Krumen, and the Cabindas are placed, each race forming, as it were, a little colony by itself. This "native town" is scrupulously clean, and some



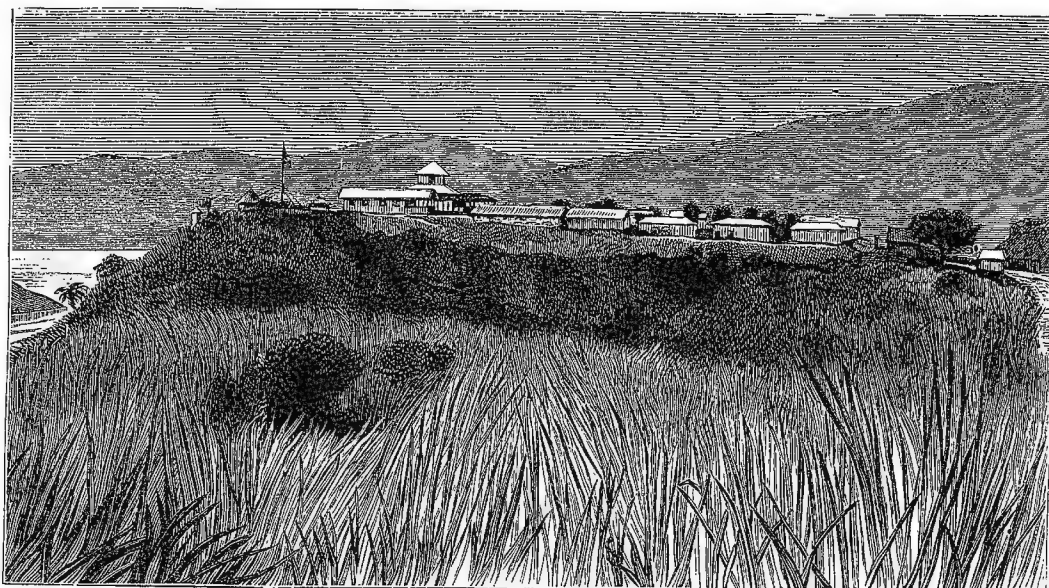
The Great Speckled Kingfisher

of the little compounds belonging to the head men, or those whose married condition entitles them to a more secluded way of living, are really very pretty and bright, with their tiny plantations and flocks of chickens and Muscovy ducks. In any direction, if you want to leave Vivi, you must go down. The prettiest walk lies towards the little brook. Thither, at sunrise and towards sunset, the women wend their way with their pitchers balanced on the head, to bring water for their households. Lower down the stream, near where the road to Isangila crosses it, is the washing-place, where, under the shelter of a few well-placed umbrageous trees, the women spend the noon-time over the linen. It is here that all the gossip is exchanged among the coloured ladies, and it is here that, if your "boy" obtains a few minutes' leave, he comes to revel in the scandal of the black society.

Whilst I am so near the Falls of Yellála (only some nine miles from Vivi as the crow flies), I will here give you a description of these greatest and first-known Rapids of the Congo, although my visit there did not take place until after my return from the Upper River. It did indeed need a considerable amount of energy to make this interesting but fatiguing trip. How gladly would I have shirked the task! I had thought all my journeyings were over, and had sunk so pleasantly into the tranquil ease of Vivi, ensconced in my pleasant upper chamber, reviewing my notes, and devouring the long-withheld literature that was ranged in goodly tiers round the walls of my room. But every one was of opinion that I ought to see Yellála. It would be the first question asked me on my return, they said, "Have you seen Yellála, and what is your opinion of the Falls?" The appalling prospect of having no reply to make to this categorical question on the part of the readers of *The Graphic* so wrought upon me, that at last I nerved myself to the effort, packed up a case of provisions, mended my broken bedstead, and, borrowing a guide from Vandeveldt (the Chief of Vivi), I started amid the morning mists that marked the commencement of the dry season. The over-arching grass was, if

possible, more difficult to pass through than in any previous journeys, and before I halted at the pleasant little village of Nguvi Mpanda, I was cut and scratched and slashed to such an exasperating degree that I was quite out of temper, the more so as myriads of little barbed seeds had crept down the back of my neck, and were pricking me at every motion of my body. At Nguvi Mpanda a few minutes of welcome rest in the verandah of the Chief's house, and long copious drinks of creamy, frothing "palm-wine" just drawn from the tree, restored me to equanimity, and I was enabled to reciprocate the professions of brotherhood on the part of the amiable Chief with like effusion. He had not yet wearied of a whistle I had given him on a previous visit, and used it with unnecessary frequency to enforce his commands. I ought to remark, *en passant*, that the palm-wine was served in a silver-gilt jug, and I drank out of a silver-gilt goblet. This will give you an idea of how civilisation is acting upon Nguvi Mpanda.

The path leading to Yellála branched off from the Isangila Road a short distance beyond this village. For some half-a-mile we wandered through plantations of sweet potatoes and ground-nuts; and then, emerging from the thick vegetation, stood on the brow of a great hill, from which an astonishing sweep of view was commanded. We looked right across a wide expanse of rolling grassy downs and winding valleys at a colossal mass of rising ground, surmounted by a fringe of dark trees, where lay the distant village of Yellála. To the right, bold ranges of hills, on the other bank of the invisible Congo; and to the left more hills, from whence the little River Loa takes its rise. The humpy valley at our feet seemed a long basin of dish-like shape, shut in by these many mountains. I call it a "humpy" valley, because it was very unequal in surface. Little hummocks or hillocks broke up its uniformity, and it was dotted and strewn with blocks of white gneiss, that seemed as if they had been hurled there quite recently. A grand view for space and aerial effect it was, and one, moreover, singularly characteristic of this part of the Congo; but, withal, ugly, inhospitable, and tame. All alike, hills and valleys were clothed with waving yellow-green grass, the monotony was only broken by the intrusive blocks of gneiss. Save in one or two sheltered valleys where a few pitiful oil-palms clustered, not a tree was to be seen; and the little gnarled bushes here and there to be found were almost covered with the tall, feathery grass that was emphatically the king of the country. The only signs of animal life were very large grasshoppers, with green bodies and scarlet wings, that whirled across the path in a blaze of scarlet, and then settled down on some grass-stalk, and relapsed into a monotony of green. The country was not lacking in water, fortunately, and our immoderate thirst, after



Vivi Station from the Isangila Road

establishments, is probably no longer as I knew it. However, in the month of May last, this was more or less the arrangement of the buildings. On the summit, and near the riverward edge of the cliff, is a flat and level platform, nearly artificial, and about 80 feet square. Here are placed several important houses. The principal one contains an upper storey, with Mr. Stanley's bedroom—which

may be seen in the illustration—and on the ground floor a large sitting-room, surrounded by amply-filled book-shelves, the doctor's room and laboratory, the bedroom of the second in command, a "store," an office or bureau, and a gun-room. This house is going to be removed, as it is very hot and badly adapted for the climate; the double walls do not seem to render it much cooler, and, moreover, have become the home of a colony of abominable little bats, whose squeaking, both at dawn and sunset, is very fidgeting. Perhaps, however, on account of the bats, mosquitoes are almost absent at Vivi, a great and appreciable relief to those who suffer from their venomous bites. The opposite building to "Stanley's House" is a large sort of one-storied barrack, containing a number of bedrooms for the white residents, and a large dining-room, open on three sides to the air. There are also on this upper plateau, which may



An Inkimba

be called the fashionable part of Vivi, an observatory, a shower-bath, a pigeon-house, and the usual domestic offices. From the verandah that runs along the shady side of Stanley's House a most beautiful view of the Lower Congo, with its woody islands, its swirling rapids, and noble downs may be obtained. Here, also, are placed many comfortable seats and chairs, and in the warm afternoon hours it is pleasant to rest here, half dreamily, with a nice

scrambling down the rocky hill-side, was amply quenched in the cool, limpid water that flowed through every valley and ravine.

It was with great relief that we left this country of grass and rocks behind us, and entered the village of Kai, which was embosomed in rich vegetation. Here we paused to drink more palm wine, for the thirst engendered by the terrible scramble over loose stones and through the rasping grass was overpowering, and fortunate we were to be able to quench it with freshly-drawn "malafu" (the sap of the palm tree), which, to my thinking, is nowhere so delicious as in the environs of Vivi. Good palm wine resembles strong, sweet cider, and is quite as heady.

Kai is little more than a suburb of Yellála village, and the short distance between the two is filled up with plantations and banana groves. The rich and rank vegetation that surrounds the neatly-built houses is most amazing, compared with the barrenness outside. I saw some remarkably fine clumps of *Euphorbias* as I

entered the village of Yellála, and, further on, some handsome *Dracanas*, or dragon-trees, in full blossom, with graceful sprays of small cream-coloured flowers depending from among the spiky leaves, the general aspect of the plant recalling the *Yuccas*, to which it is distantly allied. It is the first and only time that I remember to have seen this *Dracena* on the Congo, and it seems curious to find it preserved thus in a village. Indeed, it is an interesting fact that so many plants should be found growing in the villages in this part of Africa which are never to be seen in the open. The *Euphorbias*, for instance, I have never seen in a wild state, so to speak, but they exist in the villages along the Congo from Yellála to Bolóbó. Their native name in Congo is "Ndiza," but although they are known and named, I never could ascertain that any superstitious value or importance is attached to them which would serve to explain their constant presence in native towns. Perhaps the real solution of this fact, as also of the presence of large trees and luxuriant vegetation round the villages, is that all the uninhabited country is periodically set on fire by the natives, and that only in those places which the bush fires do not reach can rich vegetation and forest trees exist. It is evident—and, indeed, the fact has struck Stanley, Schweinfürth, and most observant African travellers—that the grass fires must largely affect the "phytography" of Africa.

The chief of Yellála I discovered by chance in the act of performing a very hasty toilet in my honour. He was wrapping a piece of blue velvet round his loins, in exchange for the dirty cloth that was his everyday dress. He added to this a long livery-coat, which must have been splendid in the days when it retained all its buttons, and then, issuing from his palisaded hut, he greeted me most politely. His name, he told me, was Ntété Mbongo, and he was the chief of Yellála, of Kai, and of three other villages, whose very long names I forget. A long

After the usual exchange of "Mbóté, Mbóté" (the common salutation of the Congo), and the inspection of my tent and my bed, the chief called to his little son, who came running up with a splendid fish laid on a banana leaf. It was freshly caught, and the bloom of life still hovered about its pinky scales. This and a basket of eggs was the chief's present, and, as I was very hungry and had not tasted fish for many weeks, the gift was welcome. The fish, indeed, was delicious, tasting and looking much like salmon, and there was so much flesh on him that I had first fish soup, then boiled fish with egg-sauce, and then fish cutlet fried in butter, and then, after I had thoroughly dined off him, there still remained sufficient to satisfy the Zanzibaris.

The next morning at an early hour we started under the guidance of the old Chief to view the great Falls of Yellála, to view them, not as my predecessors had mostly done, from the summit of a high and distant hill; but to contemplate this wonderful rush of water from so near a point that the spray fell in fine showers over the waterproof I had fortunately donned. The journey thither was very fatiguing. At first the road led through plantations and pleasant forest glades, but soon quitted this grateful verdure and umbrageous shade and took us over a steep and stony hill, where the rocks were disposed in ascents which were almost stair-like, more resembling, however, the sides of the Pyramids, for each step was more fitted for a giant's leg to mount, being often three feet high. Faraji, one of my Zanzibaris, hoisted me laboriously up each successive block, while the agile old chief, having wisely divested himself of his blue velvet, skipped up the steep ascent like any goat. At length we reached the highest point, and then imagine my disappointment—instead of looking sheer down on the river as I had hoped, another valley of waving grass and yet another hill-side lay before us. The descent was little less fatiguing than the climb had been, for the legs grew weary and palsied from continual jumps of three feet from block to block. Then the grass of the succeeding valley tore and scratched us, and as I mounted the next and what seemed the last ascent I was convinced that the Falls of Yellála could never reward me for such exertions. At length, however, we paused suddenly, rounding a hillside, and looked down on a grand scene, whilst the sudden turn in the path brought to our ears a deafening roar of falling water. It was a grand view, and the very position from which we gazed on this scene was enough to render it more than usually striking. The path hung just on the edge of a conical hill, and here, where we paused, a great slab of stone jutted out over a terrible precipice. From this projection we looked down some hundred feet on the giant Congo leaping over the rocks and dashing itself wrathfully against the imprisoning hills. Several islands bestrewed its stream, one especially remarkable from being a mass of velvet woods. This was

and looking like masses of long green hair. White plumbago and many bright flowers are growing in the interstices of the gray rocks, over which large blue and red lizards chase the flies that are half-stupidly basking in the sunlight. There is a great, overhanging mass of rock which the shade never quite deserts, and where the native fishermen are frying the just-caught fish for their mid-day meal. The wicker-work fishing baskets and traps are lying about, emptied of their contents, of which such as are not being smoked or grilled are tied together in threes and fours, and put in the shade till their captors are ready to depart. Sometimes one finny monster as big as a salmon is lying apart by himself, still gasping with his poor expanding and contracting gills, as he lies in a death agony in the dry, hot air. Soon his red gills and his entrails will be torn out and thrown where other heaps of fish refuse are already lying—centres of attraction to the buzzing flies and the fly-hunting lizards, and an all-absorbing theme of contemplation to the hungry black-and-white vultures that perch irresolutely on the neighbouring rocks.

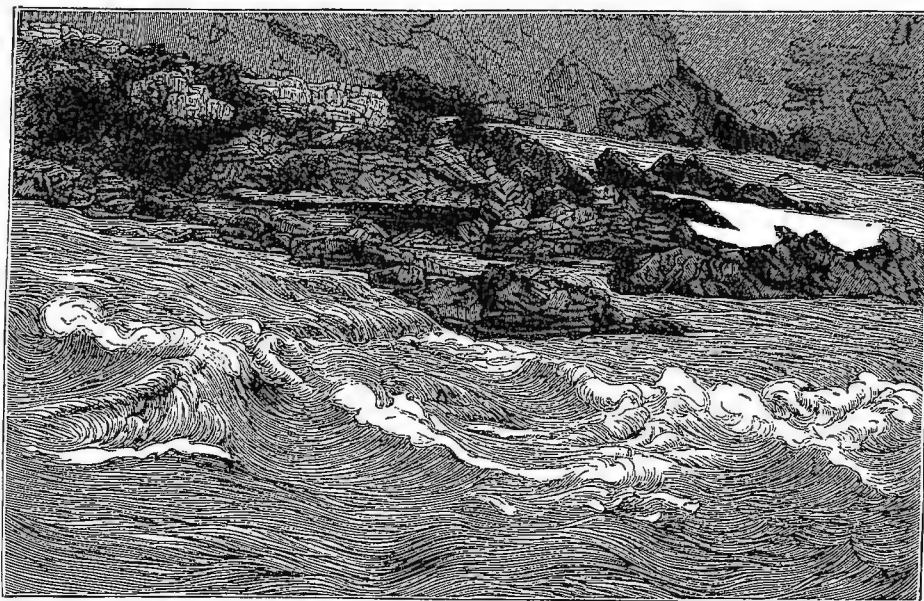
The Chief, and most of the men who accompanied us, had stripped, and were bathing with much merriment and satisfaction in the little weirs and backwaters of the river. After his bath, the Prince of Yellála went and sat on a cool ledge of rock under the overhanging grotto. Here he invited me to come and partake of an *impromptu* meal of grilled fish. This I was in nowise loth to do; so we got out some salt and some young ears of green Indian corn which the thoughtful Zanzibaris had brought with them, and ate a most appetising breakfast of roasted maize and grilled fish—fish that a few minutes before had been gasping in the wicker traps, and that were now served to us with their tails in their mouths, precisely as whiting are at home.

When my sketches of the Falls were finished, I wished to return, and, in spite of the noon-day sun, began to clamber up the rocks and regain the mountain path leading to the village. The old Chief, wiser than I, tried hard to persuade me to rest by the cool river side until evening; but, somehow, a strange fit of obstinacy possessed me, and I ran a very near risk of getting sunstroke as a reward. The fierce heat radiating from the rocks—which, indeed, were too hot to be touched without hurting the hand—and the exhausting toil up this succession of stone blocks, were too much for me, and, by the time I reached the outskirts of the groves bordering the village, I threw myself down in the grateful shade, utterly sick and faint. I only mention this unimportant fact to show you that some Africans are really susceptible of thoughtful kindness; for, in this case, the old Chief, seeing me faint and ill, became most concerned, and sent off one boy to the village to bring me some of his precious rum, and another to the nearest brook for a calabash of cold water. Whilst these messengers were absent, he cut a large banana leaf, and fanned me with it gently, looking all the time most sympathising. I revived long before the rum came; though, unfortunately, the old Chief insisted on my taking a dram of this nauseous compound. On my return to the village, he supported me carefully with one arm; and altogether, though my slight indisposition was unworthy all this attention on his part, the Chief of Yellála impressed me as a very kind old man. I have met with so many incidents of genuine feeling and sympathy from the natives everywhere on the Congo, that I am sure they are people of finer natures than one meets with in the ordinary negro type.

That night, soon rested from my exertions at Yellála, I set off and



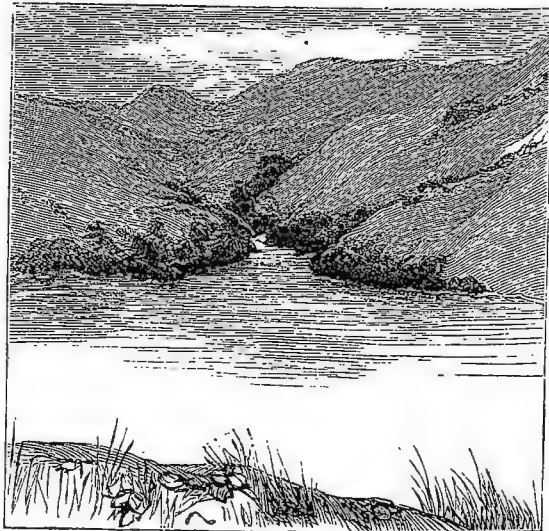
The *Dracena*, or Dragon Tree



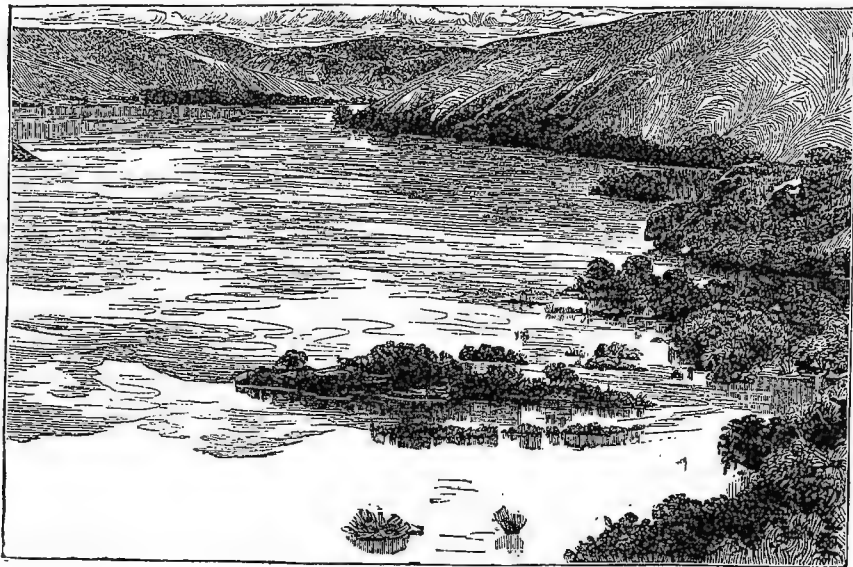
Yellála Falls

called "The Island of Pelicans," for numbers of these great birds used this inaccessible spot as a breeding-place. Before the first fall took place the river came gliding on so smoothly, with such a glassy surface as if never suspecting the terrible conflict before it, and when at first it met the rocks and the descent it streamed over them almost unresistingly until, exasperated by repeated checks, in the last grand Fall of Yellála it lashed itself into white and roaring fury, and the sound of its anger deafened one's ears and the sight of its foam dazzled the eyes. I had wished to pause long on this rock, and even make it the limit of my journey, but the old Chief, who was enterprising enough to personally conduct a party of Cook's tourists (and who knows that he may not yet do so?) insisted on my completing the descent, and viewing the Falls from their banks. I really doubted whether I could ever manage to do so without at any rate seriously damaging myself in the perilous enterprise, or even tumbling headlong into the river; but somehow, by means of a rope and a stout rod, I managed at last to reach a ledge of rock, where the spray of the great waves fell, and thence I made my way to a series of little caverns in the wall of stone, whence I could view the Falls of Yellála at my ease.

In all probability the Congo never descends here more than twelve feet at a time, but the constant succession of falls and the obstructing rocks lash the water into a state of indescribable fury. It is a splendid race of waves. Some seem to outstrip the others, and every now and then, the water rebounding from the descent meets the oncoming mass, and their contact sends a shoot of foam and clouds of spray into the air. The rocks near the water's edge are covered with a long, filamentous water-weed of intense verdure,



The Mposo River, opposite Vivi



The Congo below Vivi

conical-shaped head, like an Aztec, a pair of very fine expressive eyes, surmounted by strongly-marked eyebrows, a well-shaped nose, and thin lips, made up an original and certainly distinguished physiognomy; and though there were at times passing glimpses of expression that suggested cruelty and greed, they were dispersed by an unusually pleasant smile for an African chief,

walked back to Vivi, ten or eleven miles away; but this journey occasioned me no fatigue, for the sun was down, and the glorious full moon had arisen in the soft grey air, shining upon hills, and rocks, and palms, and native villages; while a feeling of absolute peace prevailed over all, and no noise was heard but the cry of the goat-suckers and the stealthy rustling of our footsteps in the herbage.



The Chief of Nguvi Mpanda

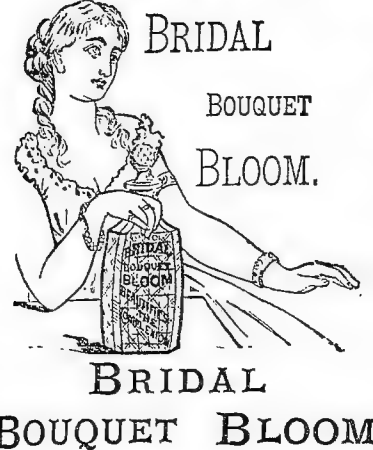
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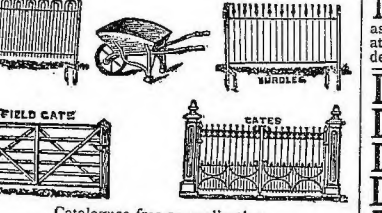
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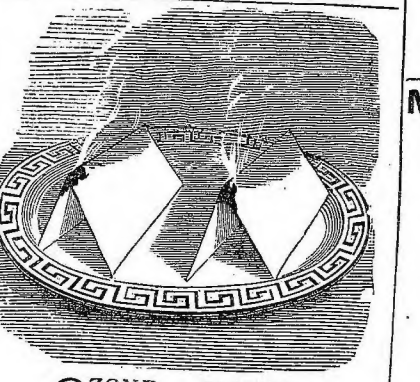
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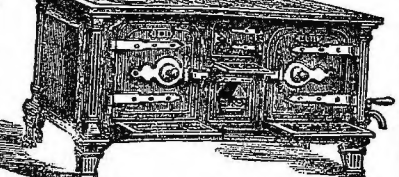
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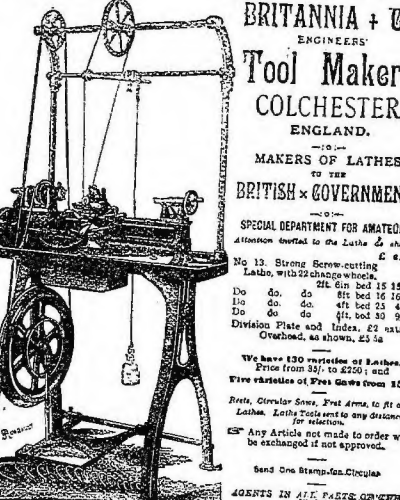
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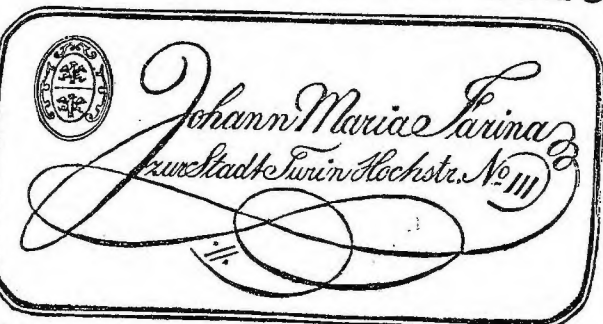
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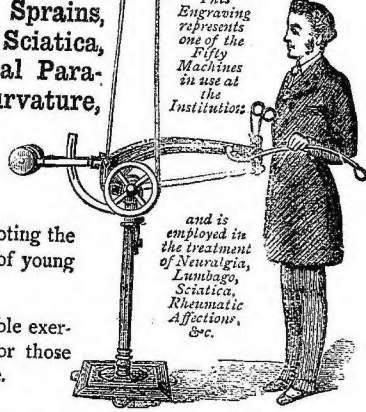


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